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Original Poetry.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at its flood leads on to fortune!
> — *Shakspeare.*

Why are ye sad? Has life then no beauty
To hold the wild senses harmless in chains;
And prompt you to action, where honor and duty,
Command you to follow their noblest gains?
Arouse from the slumber of sorrow and sadness,
Wake up from the lair where long ye have lain;
Receive the sweet welcome which comfort and gladness,
Extend to the vanquished who brave life again!

The trumpet is sounding, the colors are flying,
And victory's seen in the distance dim;
Whilst weltering dead, and the groans of the dying
Fill full the red slaughter-cup to its brim!
Shall the battle of life be then lost forever,
And all its hopes perish upon the plain;
Whilst ye with indifference stand by, but never
March boldly to conquest to test it again?

Shall idleness waft its dread poison around you,
And ye be content to smile on the breeze;
Permitting it soon to harass and confound you
With all the foul vapours of its disease?
Ah! no, to all mortals an overture's sounding
Far off from the heights of Creation's main;
Admonishing those whom care's griefs are surrounding
To fling off the stupor, and brave it again!

Shall affluence soothe you with quieting slumber
To rest, on the soft gentle bosom of joy;
Whilst trifling your hours and days without number
You scorn both talents, and time to employ?
A voice of loud meaning incessantly flutters
Around, that beckons from luxury's train;
With startling wonder it solemnly mutters,
Away—on to action—and try it again!

Shall ruin and shame with their fetters of sorrow,
The free spirit chain to its darkest cell;
And ye be denied e'en a hopeless "to morrow,"
Within whose bright gleams ye might safely dwell?
Shall misery spread her sad famishing pinion,
To shut from your gaze prosperity's sun;
And ye in her cheerless and dreary dominion
Sink helplessly ere half your journey is run?

Whence comes then this brooding of care and distraction,
Which haunts your slow footsteps both night and day?
Life's ills were designed to arouse man to action,
But never to wear his courage away!
The rays of affection are constantly gleaming,
The wilderness brightens beneath their glare,
Bright mirrors of HOPE are incessantly "beaming,"
And beckon the pilgrim to happiness there!

Then onward—remember thy calling commands thee
To wrestle 'mid perils, and startling strife;
Let HONOR lead on where stern DUTY demands thee,
And be your true guide through the path of life!
There's a charm—a bliss—an unspeakable pleasure
In having discharged our moral task well;
'Tis the solace of life—man's happiest treasure—
A home for the mem'ry of old age to dwell!

Then "NEVER DESPAIR" whilst the heart's deep emotion
Responds to the thrill of affliction's call
But fly to the rescue, with fearless devotion
Resolved there to conquer, or nobly fall!
The heralds of glory await to reward thee
With lasting gems from their rich treasured store;
And when the cold tomb in earth's bosom shall guard thee,
A coronal's thine on Eternity's shore!

Original Tales.

THE VILLAGE ARISTOCRAT
And the Tinker.

A TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

I resided once in a pleasant little village in the State of New York, of which (the village I mean) a Mr. Smith was the honored head, and ruler. He was proprietor of a large landed estate, owned mills, and various manufacturing establishments, and half the village consisted of houses built and owned by him, for the accommodation of his workmen and artizans. He had several sons and daughters, some married into the first families of the neighboring towns, and some still playing the belle and the exquisite at home. One could not help fancying that they deemed themselves of royal blood, at least, so studiously did they avoid all fellowship with "common people," so spiritedly did they resent every approach toward intimacy from the "ignoble." To wear an unfashionable hat was sufficient to exclude one from their society, and to be unable to answer their horribly mangled French, in the same tongue, was an abomination.

It chanced that I, though little more than sixteen years of age, kept a school in the village, and being considered *educated*, was admitted to their society by *courtesy*; an honor of which I was not very fond of availing myself, although they frequently sent pressing invitations, when they wanted an acrostic written, or a verse for an album, to pass over their own names; or patterns for lace work, or embroidery, or a *little* instruction in some filagree, or fancy work, which they "learned in the seminary, but had carelessly forgotten." Having been sent for, one afternoon, to *help* them make some wax fruit for a fine filagree basket which I had *helped* them to make, I was in the common parlor, melting, cleansing, and coloring my wax, while they all hovered round, and looked on as usual, when a tinker, past life's meridian, and ragged as a worsted political party, was ushered in by Mr. Smith, to do some jobs in his line of business.

The ladies were nigh fainting as he bowed to them, in passing to the kitchen. The door was left ajar, so that I could see the kitchen hearth, and chancing to look that way soon after, I observed the tinker sitting with his face toward me, leisurely mending a large copper kettle. There was a something in his face that arrested my attention. He was bronzed by exposure to the weather, and his hair was long, and uncombed, but as he grew warm over his work, he hastily put it aside, with a hand which a king might envy; and in so doing exposed a forehead, lofty, full, and white as marble. At length he raised his eyes; clear, dark, beautiful eyes they were, and full of sorrow, so piercingly intense in its expression, so hopeless, and so deep, my heart trembled, and I felt my face grow pale as I met their glance. I marked [illegible] n then more earnestly. He had [illegible]tain[illegible] been remarkably handsome, though [illegible], cheeks, and eyelids, had assumed [illegible]bre expression of continual grief. He [illegible]ndeed, as if he had been all his life a [illegible] Just beyond him sat Mr. Smith, [illegible] with his head miller. I had never [illegible]im narrowly till then. He was drest [illegible]ion, older, apparently, than the tinker, [illegible]rpulent person, and fat face, remind[illegible]re of a well fed animal, than an in[illegible]and immortal creature. He had a [illegible]orehead, heavy voluptuous lips, and [illegible]tion of small gray eyes that al[illegible]ate violent passions. I could not [illegible] that in all which constitutes the [illegible]anhood, the tinker was very much [illegible]his present employer.

[illegible] announced, and the gentry sat [illegible] the tinker continued his some[illegible] employment. It was getting dark [illegible] finished all the ladles, pots, ket[illegible], that had been standing useless [illegible] charge was declared reasonable, and then he said, "If Mrs. Smith would consent, he should be glad to take, in part payment, a supper, and lodging for the night."

"Goodness!" cried Miss Seraphine, in a voice loud enough for him to hear, "does that vagabond tinker think of staying in *our* house? If I was pa I would kick him out for his impudence. Why he might rob and murder us all before morning."

Mrs. Smith replied that he might have the supper, but must seek lodging elsewhere. Now there was no public house in that village, but two or three at the distance of a mile; and so the poor man ate a few bites of supper, shouldered his budget, and went his way.

About an hour after, having finished my thankless job, Mrs. Smith sent one of her sons to attend me to my boarding house. We had walked about twenty rods, when turning a corner we caught the voice of wild and passionate weeping. We paused. The weeping continued, broken by frequent ejaculations of strange prayer. We proceeded. The tinker had laid his wallet beside the fence, and there extended on the damp ground, he was pouring out his sorrows to the ever present Friend. My companion accosted him, and enquired why he was weeping. Because I am alone, and miserable; was his hardly articulated reply. "I am going a few rods farther," said my esquire, "when I return I will lead you to a better lodging."

I wept so that I could hardly walk; and it was matter of wonder and mysterious speculation, in my landlady's family, what in the world Mr. Algernon Smith could have done to the school mistress to make her cry so, like a baby.

A few days after, the good old woman, goaded by her own, or other people's curiosity, made bold to ask me if Mr. Smith affronted me, the other night, when he led me in sobbing so bitterly. Of course this brought me to an explanation. "Poor man," sighed Mrs. Wood, my landlady, as I concluded. "No wonder he feels sad. I knew him when he was a boy, and could tell you all his history." It was then my turn to be curious, and after a few preliminaries she began.

That poor fellow's name is Edward Barton. His father was a rich and respectable farmer, with, beside Edward, an only daughter. Edward was considered a strange boy by his parents and neighbors. He seldom joined in the noisy gambols of the boys of his own age, but as soon as he could read, made books his constant recreation. He would sit absorbed in his volume, heedless of all that was passing, and if not admonished that it was bed-time, would read until his lamp burnt out. When laboring in the field he would sometimes sit down, and remain motionless for hours, so absorbed in thought that it was sometimes difficult to arouse him. I have observed him at such times, and thought his countenance had a heavenly expression. Perhaps I was foolish, but I thought he must certainly be conversant with spirits, invisible to the rest of mankind, for his lips moved, his eyes wandered, as from one object to another, with an inward dreamy expression, and at times he smiled, such strange, sweet smiles; and I could pass close before him without his seeming to see me at all.

Some people said he was crazy, some called him foolish, and all agreed that he was singular. He seemed to regard young girls with a kind of worship, and these and his books, were the only earthly things on which he seemed to place any value. The school master pronounced him a genius, and said he would be a great, a wonderful man. His father said he was a great lazy lubber, and would never be a man at all. He used to persecute the poor boy miserably. I sometimes thought it wonderful that he should show so little affection for an only son. But Edward took no heed of his counsels; seemed to feel no interest in agricultural pursuits; yet he evidently felt deeply his father's taunts and unkindness. Once I ventured to expostulate with Mr. Barton, but he answered, "Well, Mary, what would you do with such a boy?" Of course I had no answer ready.

Edward was twenty-two years of age. He had certainly read, and thought a great deal, yet he seemed to have buried all his acquirements in his own bosom, for he made no display of them, and seldom entered into conversation, except by monosyllables, or commonplace remarks. But now he was an ardent worshipper of a young lady, who, with her widowed mother, had come from a distant city to reside amongst us. Laura Allen was a pretty and light-heared girl, but not remarkable for beauty or intellect. Yet his fancy deified her at once, and he found all he wished of happiness in her presence. To see her, to hear her voice, to meet her smile, Oh this was bliss enough for him. He was so blinded that he did not observe her partiality for another, until it was rumored that she was soon to be married. And then he sunk into utter despondence. He did not lament, or weep, he sat silent, and utterly unmindful of surrounding objects; no entreaties to induce him to eat, and although he went to bed at night, it was certain he did not sleep, for he was restless, and continually sighing and moaning. His father compassionating his misery, and fearing for his reason, or his life, went to Laura, and having described Edward's condition, told her that it was love for her which was killing him, and besought to know if she did indeed love another.

"I have no particular preference for any man," she replied, "neither do I know how the report of my approaching marriage originated."

"Then," said Mr. Barton, "I hope you will endeavor to think favorably of my son."

"I can give him no encouragement," she replied, "for I am sure I can never possibly love him."

"But," entreated the old man, "consider, Edward will be a wealthy man, he will inherit my estate. I shall not divide my farm, but give Sarah her portion in money and moveables."

"'Tis no consideration with me," replied Laura, "If you would give Edward all you possess, and could add to it a million in gold, I would not be his wife."

Mr. Barton wrung his hands, and the big tears gushed from his eyes, as he arose and took his leave. He soon after mentioned, in Edward's hearing that the report of Laura Allen's approaching marriage was utterly unfounded. A gleam of joy passed over the poor fellow's face, like a flash of lightning gleaming through a dark cloud, and a violent tremor shook him from head to foot. Then burst forth the pent up waters of agony. Long and wildly he wept, with cries and bitter sobbing, and when at length he grew calm, his strength had utterly forsaken him. Such was the prostration of his powers, that his family were obliged to carry him to his bed. A violent fever ensued, and he was confined to his bed and room several weeks. All this time Laura came not near him, though all the young people of the village came in rotation, to watch by his pillow. He observed her absence, the inference was unavoidable. Earnestly did he wish for death, but the deliverer came not, and he slowly recovered.

As soon as he could walk out, he went to Mr. Allen's. After a few hours he walked home, the living personification of despair. The next day he commenced wandering. At first his excursion was short, and he came home every few weeks, but Laura married, and then he wandered far away. Whenever he was at home his parents entreated him with tears to remain, and his sister, who was twelve years younger than himself, would hang upon his neck and exert all her childish tenderness of persuasion. He never spoke to them unkindly, but would sometimes weep, and after a day or two's stray, would become uneasy, and presently be gone, none knew whither. At length his sister died, and then his father whose idol she had been, sought with increased earnestness to reclaim his son, but it was in vain. Seven years ago Mr. Barton died, and Mrs. Barton soon followed broken hearted. The Barton farm is occupied by a tenant, and I am told is running rapidly to ruin. And he who is its owner travels thus in rags with a tinker's wallet, and endures the odium which is usually attached to that unprofitable calling. Poor fellow, I pity him exceedingly. But his grief lies so deep that no sympathy can reach it. It is strange how destinies are ordered in this world. He was born in opulence, enjoyed every advantage of education, possessed uncommon abilities of mind, and strength and beauty of person; yet of what avail were all those blessings to him. He is a tinker.

Mr. Smith on the contrary was a foundling, laid by some unknown hand on the step of old Judge Smith's door, who took him in, and kept him, not as a son, though he bore his name, but as a slave. At the age of nineteen he married a girl of the same age, an orphan of poor parentage, who had been bound by the town to an inhuman master. Probably the sympathy of suffering was the first tie between them. Having no relatives, and few friends, the poor young couple set off for the West on foot, he with his axe on his shoulder and a bundle containing a few articles of clothing, all their wealth; while his hopeful young wife trudged merrily beside him. They chose a lot of land in the then wild wilderness, erected their cabin, and went cheerfully to work. The country settled rapidly, the land increased in value; he speculated largely, was favored by fortune, and grew rich.

And yet neither Mr. or Mrs. Smith has a grain of intellect or sensibility. You never see either of them with a book, not even the Bible. He by continually mixing with men has attained a sort of outside polish, but she is the same Mrs. Smith that used thirty years ago to burn brush, and dig potatoes barefooted. Her very elegant daughters, who, of course, are ignorant of all this, (though if Mr. Smith was not so rich, everybody would remember it,) have little difficulty in keeping the old lady out of the way of their genteel visitors; for she is as uncomfortable amongst them, as an old hen would be with a flock of young pea fowls; and generally contrives some plausible excuse. But it is really amusing to see the airs those young Smiths assume; and the profound deference that is universally accorded to the rich man's gold.

But when I used to see Smith, a great awkward boy, with head and feet bare, performing the most menial labor on Mr. Barton's farm, as he often did for a few coppers; little did I deem that I should ever see him that generally amphibious animal, a village aristocrat; and Mr. Barton's lovely little son a tinker. But so the world goes. And those that have high hearts, clear consciences, generous spirit, and independent mind, are the true nobility after all.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Such were the persons, such the dispositions of the fair heiresses of Ingleborough at the time when they had attained the ages I have specified; and certainly, although their spheres of usefulness would have appeared, at first sight, circumscribed, and the range of their enjoyments very narrow, there rarely have been seen two happier or more useful beings than Annabel and Marian Hawkwood, in this wide world of sin and sorrow.

The care of their bereaved and hapless parent occupied, it is true, the greater portion of their time; yet they found many leisure hours to devote to visiting the poor, aiding the wants of the needy, consoling the sorrows of those who mourned, and sympathising with the pleasures of the happy, among their humble neighbors. To them this might be truly termed a work of love and pleasure; for it is questionable whether from any other source the lovely girls derived a higher or more satisfactory enjoyment, than from their tours of charity among their village pensioners.

Next in the scale of happiness stood, doubtless, the society of the old vicar of that pastoral parish; a man who had been their father's friend and counsellor in those young days of college friendship, when the fresh heart is uppermost in all, and selfishness a dormant passion; a man old enough almost to have been their grandsire, but with a heart as young and as cheery as a boy's—an intellect accomplished in the deepest lore of the schools, both classical and scientific, and skilled thoroughly in all the niceties and graces of French, and Spanish, and Italian literature—a man who had known courts and camps, too, for a short space in his youth; who had seen much and suffered much, and yet enjoyed, not a little, in his acquaintance with the world; and who, from sights, and sufferings, and enjoyments, had learned that if there is much evil, there is yet more of good, even in *this* world—had learned, while rigid to his own faults, to be most lenient to his neighbors failings—had learned that charity should be the fruit of wisdom!—and had learned all this only to practice it, in all his daily walks, to inculcate it in all his weekly lessons.

This aged man, and his scarce less aged wife, living hardly a stone's throw from the Hall, had grown almost to think themselves a portion of the family; and surely no blood kindred could have created stronger ties of kindness than had the familiarity of long acquaintance, the confidence of old hereditary love. Lower yet in the round of their enjoyments, but still a constant source of blameless satisfaction, were their books, their music and their drawings; the management of their household, the cultivation of their lovely garden, the min[illegible]ering to the wants of their loved birds and [illegible]ers. Thus, all sequestered and secluded fro[illegible] the world, placed in the midst of onerous duti[illegible] and solicitudes almost innumerable, thoug[illegible] they had never danced at a ball, nor blushe[illegible] the praise of their own beauty flowing from [illegible]oquent lips, nor listened to a lover's suit, quee[illegible] might have envied the felicity, the calm pure [illegible]eful happiness of Annabel and Marian.

They were, [illegible]deed, *too* happy! I do not mean too happy [illegible] be virtuous, too happy to be mindful of an[illegible]ateful to the Giver of all joy—but as the con[illegible] phrase runs, too happy for their happiness [illegible] enduring. This is a strange belief—a wom[illegible] superstition!—and yet it has been comm[illegible] to all ages. The Greeks, those wild poetic[illegible]reamers, imagined that their vain gods, ma[illegible] of moral attributes *envied* the bliss of [illegible] fearing that wretched earthlings should [illegible] in happiness with the possessors of Olymp[illegible] They sang in their dark mystic choruses,

> "That perfect bliss of men not child[illegible]
> But, ended, leaves a progeny behind,
> Of woes, that spring from fairest fortune[illegible]—"

and, though their other doctrines of th[illegible] [illegible]perable destiny—that absolute necessity [illegible] sist which is needless labor, and of anc[illegible] guilt, through countless generations—w[illegible] seem to militate against it, there was no mo[illegible] established faith, and no more prevalent opinion, than that unwonted fortunes were necessarily followed by most unusual woe—hence, perhaps, the stern self-mortification of the middle ages—hence, certainly, the vulgar terror prevalent more or less among all classes, and in every time and country, that children are too beautiful, too prematurely clever, too good to be long-lived—that happiness is too great to be lasting—that mornings are too fine to augur stormless days!

And we—aye! we ourselves—we of a better faith, and purer disposition—we half believe all this and more than half tremble at it, although, in truth, there is no cause for fear in the belief—since, if there be aught of truth in the mysterious creed, which facts do in a certain sense seem to bear out, we can but think, we cannot but perceive, that this is but a varied form of care and misery, vouchsafed by the Great All-perfect toward his frail creatures—that this is but a merciful provision, to hinder us from laying up for ourselves "treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal"—a provision to restrain us from forgetting, in the small temporory bliss of the present, the boundless and incomparable beatitude of the future—to warn us against bartering, like Esau, our birthright for a mess of pottage!

But I am now called to follow out this train of thought, suggested by the change in the fortunes of those to whom I am performing the part of historian; by the change, I say, in their fortunes—a change, too, arising from the very circumstances, as is frequently the case, which seemed to promise the most fairly for their improvement and their permanence. Oh! how blind guides are we! even the most far-sighted of us all!—how weak and senseless judges, even the most sagacious!—how false and erring prophets, even the wisest and the best!

It was, as I have said already, somewhere late in the summer, wherefrom Annabel reckoned her twentieth and Marian her nineteenth year—very late in the last month of summer, an hour or two before the sunset of as beautiful an evening as ever smiled upon the face of the green earth. The sky was nearly cloudless, though a thin gauze-like haze had floated up from the horizon, and so far veiled the orb of the great sun, that the eye could gaze undazzled on his glories; and the whole air was full of a rich golden light, which flooded the level meadows with its lustre,—except where they were checkered by the long cool blue shadows projected from the massive clumps of noble forest trees, which singly or in groups, diversified the lonely vale—and gilded the tall slender steeple of the old village church, and glanced in living fire from the broad oriel windows of the Hall.

Such was the evening, and so beautiful the prospect, with every sound and sight in perfect harmony—the sharp squeak of the rapid swifts, wheeling their airy circles around the distant spire, the full and liquid melodies of thrush and blackbird from out the thorn bushes upon the lawn, the lowing of the cows, returning from their pasture, to pay the evening tribute, the very cawing of the homeward rooks, blended by distance into a continuous and soothing murmur, the rippling music of the stream, the low sound of the west wind in the foliage of the sycamores, the far shout of the children, happy at their release from school, the carol of a solitary milk-maid, combining to make up a music, as sweet as can be heard or dreamed of by the sleeping poet. That lovely picture was surveyed, and that delicious melody was listened to, by eyes and ears well fitted to appreciate their loveliness—for at an open casement of a great parlor in the Hall, with furniture all covered with those elegant appliances of female industry—well executed drawings, and books, and instruments of music, and work-baskets, and frames for embroidery—which show so pleasantly that the apartment is one not of show, but of calm home-enjoyment—at an open casement sat Annabel, alone—for the presence of the frail paralytic being, who dozed in her arm-chair, at the farther end of the room, cannot be held to constitute society. Marian, for the first time in her life, was absent from her home, on a visit, which had already endured nearly six weeks, to the only near relative of the family who was yet living—a younger sister of her mother—who had married many years ago a clergyman, whose piety and talents had raised him to a stall in the Cathedral Church of York, where he resided with his wife—a childless couple.

This worthy pair had passed a portion of the summer at the Hall, and when returning to the metropolis of the county had prevailed on their younger niece, not altogether without difficulty, to go with them for a few weeks, and see a little society on a scale something more extended than that which her native vales could offer. It was the first time in their lives, that the sisters had been parted for more than a few days, and now the hours were beginning to appear very long to Annabel; as weeks were running into months, and the gorgeous suns of summer were fast preparing to give place to the cold dews and frosty winds of autumn. The evening meal was over, and a solitary thing was that meal now, which used to be the most delightful of the day; and hastily did the lonely sister hurry it over, thinking all the while what might be Marian's occupation at the moment, and whether she too was engaged in thoughts concerning her far friends, and the fair home of her childhood.

It was then, in a mood half melancholy and half listless, that Annabel was gazing from her window, down the broad valley to the eastward, marvelling at the beauty of the scenery, though she had noted every changing hue that flitted over the far purple hills a thousand times before; and listening to every sweet familiar sound; and yet, at the same time, pondering, as if she were quite unconscious of all that met her senses, about things which she fancied might be happening at York, when on a sudden, her attention was aroused by a dense cloud of dust, rising beyond the river, upon the line of the high road, and sweeping up the valley, with a progress so unusually rapid as to indicate that the objects, which it veiled from view, must be in more than commonly quick motion. For a few moments she watched this little marvel narrowly, but without any apprehension or even any solicitude; until, as it drew nearer, she could at times see bright flashes, as if of polished metal, gleaming out through the murky wreaths, and feathers waving in the air.

The year was that, in which the hapless Charles, all hopes of reconciliation with his parliament being decidedly frustrated, displayed the banner of civil war, and drew the sword against his subjects. The rumors of the coming strife had circulated, like the dread subterraneous rumblings which harbinger the earthquake, through all the country far and near; sad omens of approaching evil! and more distinctly were they bruited through Yorkshire, in consequence of the attempt, which had been made by the royal party to secure Hull, with all its magazines and shipping—frustrated by the energy and spirit of the Hothams—so that, as soon as she perceived that the dust was beyond doubt stirred up by a small party of well-mounted horse, Annabel entertained no doubts [illegible] the meaning, but many serious apprehen[illegible] to the cause of the present visitations.

CHAPTER IV.

The r[illegible] ceeding, by which the cavaliers were pro[illegible] [illegible] well-made and passable at all times, wa[illegible] considerable thoroughfare; no large or in[illegible] towns lay on its route; nay, no large villag[illegible] situated on its margin. It was a devio[illegible] [illegible] way, leading to many a homely farm-ho[illegible] many a sequestered hamlet, and affording [illegible] good rustics a means of carrying their w[illegible] and eggs and butter, or driving their fat ca[illegible] black-face moorland sheep to market, [illegible] was not the direct line between any two p[illegible] places, worthy even of a passing notice. [illegible] true, that some twelve or fifteen miles dow[illegible] valley there was a house, or two, tenante[illegible] gentry—one that might by a liberal courtes[illegible] been designated a castle—but above Ingl[illegible] Hall, to northwestward, there was no [illegible] house, or dwelling of the aristocracy at a[illegible] road left the *ghylls*—as those wild [illegible] the designated—and joined the line of t[illegible] northern turnpike.

It was extremely singular then, to sa[illegible] least, that a gay troop of riders should ap[illegible] suddenly in that wild spot, so far from anyth[illegible] that would be likely to attract them; and Annabel sat some time longer by the window, wondering and at the same time fearing, although in truth she scarce knew what; until at a mile's distance she saw them halt, and after a few moments' conversation with a farming-man on the wayside, as if to enquire their route, turn suddenly down a narrow by-road leading to the high narrow bridge of many arches, which crossed the noble river and gave the only access to the secluded site of Ingleborough. When she saw this, however, her perturbation became very great; for well she knew that there lay nothing in that direction except one little market-town, far distant, and a few scattered farm-houses on the verge of the moors, so that there could be but little doubt, that Ingleborough was indeed their destination.

The very moment that she arrived at this conclusion, Annabel called a serving-man, and bade him run quick to the vicarage, and pray good Doctor Summers to come up to her instantly, as she was in great strait, and fain would speak with him; and at the same time, with an energy of character that hardly could have been expected from one so young and delicate, ordered the men of the household—including in those days the fowler and falconer, and half a dozen grooms and many a supernumerary more, whom we in these degenerate times have long discarded as incumbrances—to have their arms in readiness—for every manor-house then had its regular armory—and to prepare the great bell of the Hall, to summon all the tenants on the instant in case such proceedings should be needful.

In a few moments the good gray-haired vicar came, almost breathless from the haste with which he had crossed the little space between the vicarage and the manor, and a little while afterward his wife followed him, anxious to learn as soon as possible what could have so disturbed the quiet tenor of a mind so regulated by high principles, and garrisoned by holy thoughts, as Annabel's. Their humble dwelling, though scarce a stone's throw from the Hall, was screened by a projecting knoll feathered with dense and shadowy coppice, hiding from it entirely the road by which the horsemen were advancing; so that the worthy couple had not perceived, or suspected, anything, to justify the fears of Annabel, until they were both standing in her presence. Then, while the worthy doctor was proffering his assistance, and his good wife enquiring eagerly what was amiss, they caught sight of that gay company of cavaliers, with feathers waving and scarfs fluttering in the wind, and gold embroideries glancing to the sun; as, having left the dusty road, they wheeled through the green meadows and flashed suddenly upon their eyes—a spectacle as unexpected as it was gorgeous and exciting!

"Who can they be? What possibly can bring them hither?" exclaimed Annabel, pointing with evident trepidation towards the rapidly approaching horsemen. "I fear—oh! I greatly fear some heavy ill is coming—but I have ordered all the men to take their arms, and the great bell will bring us twenty tenants in half as many minutes! What can it be, good doctor?"

"Indeed I know not, Annabel," replied the good man, smiling cheerfully as he spoke; "in truth I know not, nor can at all conjecture; but be quite sure of this, dear girl, that they will do, to us at least, no evil!—they are King Charles' men, without doubt, churchmen and cavaliers, all of them!—any one can see that! and, though I know not that we have much to fear from either party, from them at least we have no earthly cause for apprehension. I will go forth, however, to meet them; and to learn their errand—meantime, fear nothing."

"Oh! you mistake me," she answered at once; "oh! you mistake me very much; for I did not even for a moment, fear personally anything; it was for my poor mother I was first alarmed; and all our good neighbors, and indeed all the country around, that shows so beautiful and happy this fair evening!—oh! but this civil war is a dread thing; and dread I fear will be the reckoning of those who make it."

"Who make it *without cause*, my daughter! A dreadful thing it is at all times, but it may be a necessary, aye! and a holy thing—when freedom or religion are at stake! but we will talk of this at another time; for see, they have already reached the farther gate, and I must speak with them before they enter here, let them be who they may."

And, with the words, pressing her hand with fatherly affection, "Farewell," he said, "be of good cheer. I purpose to return forthwith." And then he left the room, and hurrying down the steps of the porch, walked far more rapidly, than seemed to suit his advanced years and sedentary habits, across the park to meet the gallant company.

A gallant company, indeed, it was, and such as was but rarely seen in that wild region—being the train of a young gentleman, of some eight or nine and twenty years, splendidly mounted, and dressed in the magnificent fashion of those days, in a half military costume; for his buff coat was lined throughout with rich white satin, and fringed and looped with silver, a falling collar of rich Flander's lace flowing down over his steel gorget, and a broad scarf of blue silk supporting his long silver-hilted rapier. By his side, rode another person, not certainly a menial servant, and yet clearly not a gentleman of birth and lineage; and after these, a dozen or more armed attendants followed, all wearing the blue scarf and black feathers of the royalists, all nobly mounted, and accoutred, like regular troopers, with sword and dagger, pistols and musquetoons, although they wore no breastplates, nor any sort of defensive armor.

A brace of jet-black greyhounds, without a speck of white upon their sleek and glistening hides, ran bounding merrily beside their master's stirrup, and a magnificent gorshawk sat hooded on his wrist, with silver bells and richly decorated jesses. So much had the ladies observed, even before the old man reached the party; but when he did so, and paused for a moment to address the leader, that gentleman immediately dismounted from his horse; and after shaking hands, cordially, the two advanced together, apparently engaged in eager conversation, toward the entrance of the hall.

This went far, on the instant, to restore confidence to Annabel; but when they came so near that their faces could be seen distinctly from the windows, and she could mark a well-pleased smile upon the venerable features of her friend, she was completely reassured. A single glance, moreover, at the face of the stranger, showed her that the most timid maiden need hardly feel a moment's apprehension, even if he were her country's or her faction's foe; for it was not merely handsome, striking, and distinguished, but such as indicates, or is supposed to indicate, the presence of a kindly disposition and good heart. Annabel had not much time, indeed, for making observations at that time; for it was scarce a minute before they had ascended the short [illegible] of steps, which led to the stone porch, [illegible] entered the door of the vestibule. A mo[illegible] longer, and they came into the parlor, the [illegible] vicar leading the young man by the [illegible] if he were a friend of ten years' [illegible]

[illegible] as he[illegible]," he exclaimed, in a joyous voice, is the [illegible] the threshold of the room, "this father's [illegible] de Vaux, son of your honored long gon[illegible] and oldest friend, and in years patron. [illegible] unforgotten, my kindest from *his* fat[illegible] hither, bearing letters you, my child[illegible] not until now, that letters of com[illegible] long since bereaved—tality of Ingleboro[illegible] praying the hospi[illegible] the name of Haw[illegible] the best influence of King Charles, in the[illegible] levy men to serve already told him—" [illegible] war. I have

"How glad, how we[illegible] have been his coming [illegible] doubtless, would advancing easily to mee[illegible] Annabel, man, although a deep blu[illegible] noble pale features, as she perfor[illegible] all her tomed duty—"had my dear fa[illegible] accus[illegible] or my poor mother"—casting [illegible] alive, towards the invalid—"been in h[illegible] glance him. As it is"—she continued, "[illegible] great Vaux, I doubt not in the least, will [illegible] imperfections in our hospitality, and [illegible] in aught we err, it will be error not of [illegible] ness, or of feeling, but of experience only [illegible]ing I am but a young mistress of a house. You, my kind friend, and Mistress Summ[illegible] will doubtless tarry with us, while my Lord [illegible] Vaux gives us the favor of his presence."

"Loath should I be, indeed, dear lady, thus to intrude upon your sorrows, could I at all avoid it," replied the cavalier—"and charming, as it must needs be, to enjoy the hospitalities tendered by such an one as you, I do assure you, were I myself concerned alone, I would remount my horse at once, and ride away, rather than force myself upon your courtesy. But, when I tell you that my father's strong opinion holds it a matter of importance—importance almost vital—to the King, and to the cause of Church and State in England, that I should levy some force here of cavaliers—where there be so few heads of noble houses living—to act in union with Sir Philip Musgrave, in the north, and with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, I both trust and believe, that you will overlook the trouble and intrusion, in fair consideration of the motives which impel me."

"Pray," said she, smiling gaily, "pray, my Lord de Vaux, let us now leave apology and compliment—most unaffectedly and truly, I am glad to receive you both as the son of my father's valued friend, and as a faithful servant of our most gracious king—we will do our best to entertain you; and Doctor Summers will aid you, with his counsel and experience, in furthering your military levies. How left you the good earl, your father? I have heard mine speak of him many times, and ever in the highest terms of praise, when I was but a little girl—and my poor mother much more recently; before this sad calamity affected her so fearfully."

Her answer, as it was intended, had the effect of putting an end to all formality, and setting the young nobleman completely at ease; the conversation took a general tone, and was maintained on all sides with sufficient spirit, until—when Annabel retired for a little space, to conduct her mother to her chamber—De Vaux found himself wondering, how a mere country girl, who had lived a life so secluded and domestic, should have acquired graces, both of mind and manner, such as he never had discovered in court ladies; while she was struck, even in a greater degree, by the frank, unaffected bearing, the gay wit, and sparkling anecdote, blended with many a touch of deeper feeling, which characterized the youthful nobleman's conversation.

After a little while she re-appeared; and, with her, was announced the evening meal, the pleasant, old-fashioned supper; and, as he sat beside her, while she presided, full of calm, modest, self-possession, at the head of her hospitable board, with no one to encourage her, or lend her countenance, except the good old vicar and his homely help-mate, he could not but draw fresh comparisons, all in her favor, too, betwixt the quiet, graceful confidence of the ingenuous girl before him, and the *minauderies* and the meretricious airs of the court dames, who had been hitherto the objects of his passing admiration.

Cheerfully, then, and pleasantly the evening passed away; and when upon her little couch, hard by the invalid's sick bed, Annabel thought over the events of the past day, she felt concerning young De Vaux, rather as if he had been an old familiar friend, with whom she had renewed an intercourse long interrupted; than as of a mere acquaintance, whom that day had first introduced, and whom the next might possibly remove forever. Something there was, when they met next, at breakfast, on the following morning, of blushing bashfulness in Annabel, which he had not observed, nor she before experienced; but it passed rapidly away, and left her self-possessed and tranquil—while surely in the sparkling eye, the eager haste, with which he broke away from his conversation with Dr. Summers, as she entered—in his hand half extended, and then half awkwardly, half timidly withdrawn, there was much indication of excited feeling, widely at variance with the polite and even formal mannerism inculcated and practised in the Court of the unhappy Charles. It needs not, however, to dwell on passing conversations; to narrate every trifling incident—the morning meal once finished, De Vaux mounted his horse, and rode forth in accordance with the directions of the loyal clergyman, to visit such among the neighboring farmers, as were most likely to be able to assist him in levying a horse regiment.

A few hours passed; and he returned full of high spirits and hot confidence—he had met every where assurances of good will to the royal cause; had succeeded in enlisting some ten or more stout and hardy youths, and had, no doubt, of finally accomplishing the object, which he had in view, to the full height of his aspirations.

After dinner, which, in those primitive days, was served at noon, he was engaged for a time in making up despatches for his father, which having been sent off by one of his own trusty servants to the castle in Northumberland, he went out, and joined his lovely hostess in the sheltered garden, which I have described above; and there they lingered until the sun was sinking in the west, behind the huge and purple-headed hills that screened the horizon in that direction. The evening circle, and the social meal succeeded; and when they parted for the night, if Annabel and young De Vaux could not be said to be enamored, as indeed they could not yet; they had, at least, made so much progress to that end, that each esteemed the other, the most agreeable and charming person, it had been hitherto their fortune to encounter; and—although this was decidedly the farthest point to which the thoughts of Annabel extended—when he had lain down on his bed, with the sweet rays of the harvest moon flooding his room with quiet lustre, and the voice of the murmuring rivulet, and the low flutter of the west wind in the giant sycamores, blending themselves into a soft and soothing melody—the young lord found himself considering how gracefully that fair pale girl would fill the place, which had been long left vacant by his mother in the grand hall of Gilsland Castle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL, FOR JULY.

GARDEN GOSSIP,

Accounting for the coolness between the Lily and Violet.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"I will tell you a secret," the honey-bee said,
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head,
"The lily's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

I would not betray her to any but you;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true,
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound,"
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground;
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret!" the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head,
"The violet thinks with her timid, blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy,
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her,
Now let me advise you, sweet flower! as a friend,
Ne'er ne'er to such beings your confidence lend,
[illegible]grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
[illegible] wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
[illegible] for the world, love, my secret betray!"
[illegible] little, light gossip went buzzing away.

[illegible] in the lily's cheek trembled and fled;
[illegible] he told me," she tenderly said,
"[illegible] trust the violet, pure as she seems,
[illegible] my own heart my beautiful dreams!"
[illegible] well managed? Fair lady, is't true?
[illegible] gossip take lessons of *you*?"

FR[illegible] [illegible]ERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

TEN [illegible]NDS: A TALE.

"Ten pou[illegible] [illegible]aimed John Hawker, as he re-folded a [illegible]d put it into his inmost pocket, for fea[illegible] be seen by his wife. "Ten pounds lo[illegible]—and I shall never be able to make it u[illegible] Oh, dear, what *will* become of me!" [illegible]ker's anxiety was so intense that it b[illegible] a profuse perspiration, and he wa[illegible] his brow when his wife entered the li[illegible] pale, his lip quivered, [illegible] He turned chair to steady himself [illegible] hold of a how much he trembled.

"Why, John," exclaimed [illegible] should see seem dreadfully vexed abo[illegible] family leaving the town. F[illegible]er, "you their going away is like a load [illegible]other's for they were always borrowing [illegible] I feel other, and having things upon tru[illegible] me, shop. Even up to the last minute, [illegible] looked pretty sharp after them, we sh[illegible] never got that two pounds eleven and [illegible] run up for groceries." John groaned i[illegible] for well he knew that the "small accoun[illegible] been paid out of the money he had len[illegible] brother, and he buttoned his coat tightly [illegible] him, lest a corner of the letter which anno[illegible]ced the borrower's inability to return the lo[illegible] should reveal itself to betray the secret.

"I don't wish them any harm," added Mrs. Hawker, benevolently, "and hope they will do better as emigrants to Australia than they could do here. But I doubt it, John; a man with a wife and three children in a foreign country stands but a poor chance. However, we shall see." Mrs. Hawker's remarks were cut short by the shrill voice of the errand boy, exclaiming "Shop!" and she bustled out to serve a customer.

When his wife retired, John drew aside the green curtain, and peeped through the glass door to see who the customer might be; a practice which he had invariably indulged in during the last month—ever since, in fact, he had clandestinely lent his brother the fatal ten pounds. To his horror, the individual who was being served with the various articles in which he was licensed to deal, proved to be the customer whom, of all others, he dreaded most to find in communication with his wife. The truth is, poor John, being only a cipher in his chandlery business, had committed a kind of fraud—or rather it would have been a fraud if it were possible for a man to swindle himself. The customer now in the shop had paid him an account, and instead of handing the proceeds over to the head of the firm, (in other words, to his "good lady,") he lent them to his brother. From that moment peace was banished from his breast. The fear of being found out haunted him constantly. In ordinary cases, a man would have lent the cash in spite of his wife, and boldly owned the deed. But John's was *not* an ordinary case. In matters of business he was so completely under uxorial control, that he would have looked on such a disclosure with a dread equivalent to contemplating poison. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Hawker lived unhappily together; far from it; for, apart from the shop, Mrs. Hawker was a pattern of conjugal affection:—the wife was amiable, attentive and kind, but the shopwoman was imperious, exacting, inflexible!

We left John peeping under the curtain of the little shop parlor. He watched the motions of the customer and his wife with intense suspense, trembling lest it should come out that he had received the money. The buyer and seller were in close conversation, but it was evidently on indifferent topics. Presently, Mrs. Hawker's brow darkened; the customer produced a paper, which was not unlike, in outward appearance, John's own receipt! He could look no longer, and sunk into the nearest chair, overpowered with dread. His hour was surely come; for his wife bounced into the room with terrible haste. She never heard of such a thing! The dishonesty of some people was really shocking! "Your brother," continued the dame, "actually had the impudence to ask Mrs. Thompson to lend him ten pounds, when he knew he was going to leave the country, and could never repay it."

"Indeed!" replied John, feigning astonishment, but in reality suddenly delighted to find he was yet safe; "and that paper she showed you was——"

"His letter soliciting the accommodation. Not that I think the Thompsons' are able, if willing, to be so generous, for they have not yet paid us their last half year's account."

Though once more experiencing the delights of temporary relief, John Hawker determined, when his wife returned to her shop duties, to devote all the energy of his mind to staving off to a still more distant period, the catastrophe he so much dreaded. He pored over the ledger, which he luckily kept, to pick out some bill which he could safely present, and get paid, so as to transfer the money to the Thompson's account, and thus close it. After a long search, he selected a twelve pound bill owing by Mr. Staple, the timber merchant. He knew the cash would be forth-coming, and lost no time in applying for it.

John found Staple sitting alone over his wine after dinner, and was not slow in accepting his invitation to sit down and take a glass. The conversation turned, as usual, on the hardness of the times—a subject on which John invariably expressed himself with great despondency. Staple, who was a peculiar good-hearted person, construed the grocer's lamentations literally, and knowing that he and his wife were deserving people, offered to be of any assistance. An idea instantly darted into John's brain (which, it must be owned, was never fertile in expedients) that had never before entered it. Would Staple, besides paying his account, *lend* him ten pounds? The wine inspired him with courage, and he asked the favor—it was not denied—and John Hawker experienced a feeling of ease and security he had been a stranger to for more than a month. Still, the pleasure was not without its alloy; to remove which, it was necessary to solicit another, and, as he thought, a greater favor. He asked, in a tone of intreaty that was not to be resisted, "if Mr. Staple would be good enough not, on any consideration, to mention the transaction to his wife?"

Staple faithfully promised. "But there is one thing," continued the lender, "about which I am extremely particular, and that is punctuality in payment. You must let me have the money again before the 25th of March, for on that day I make up my accounts." As this was three months to come, John faithfully promised, and joyfully departed with the money in his pocket.

For some time past, Mr. Hawker's despondency had been the talk of the town; but since his visit to Staple, his spirits had so manifestly improved, that it gave the neighbors a new theme for their gossip. At length, after many guesses, they thought they discovered a cause for John's unusual liveliness in the prosperity of the grocery establishment. The lord of the manor had come to reside on his estate, and made a point of confining his custom to the tradesmen of the town, none of whom felt the benefit of Lord Winter's patronage so extensively as the Hawkers. Had, however, their acquaintances known the truth, they would have perceived that this accession of good fortune brought no benefit to John himself; for, in proportion as the business flourished, so did the managing partner's vigilance increase. Mrs. Hawker looked narrowly into the state of the books every night, calculated the profits, withdrew them from the till, and kept them under lock and key with the most exact and unbending regularity. In this state of things appeared but a small prospect of John being able, either by fair means or foul, to scrape together Staple's ten pounds by the day he had promised to return it; and as the time approached, his despondency and terror returned. Seeing no prospect of averting a forfeiture of his word to his friend, he never met him without descanting more dolefully than ever on the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. Staple sicerely pitied him, but hoped he would be punctual in his payment on Lady Day.

As Mrs. Hawker had few weaknesses, she may be readily forgiven for one which she possessed in a predominant degree. Considering herself, perhaps justly, (for her father was an attorney,) somewhat above her present station in life, she had a habit of boasting and making as much pretension to gentility as she possibly could. Hence it was not unnatural that, out of the increased profits of trade, she should treat herself with a new bonnet oftener than heretofore; should fit up her "first-floor front," as she called it, in a superior style, and make certain other additions to the household expenses, as were fully warranted by the flourishing state of the business. Now, all this ought to have made John Hawker all the happier; but, alas! it augmented his misery. The 25th rapidly approached, and his good lady was spending the money which ought, in strict justice, to be saved for liquidating the loan.

On Sunday she appeared at church in a new tuscan bonnet, with blue trimmings, which was the envy and admiration of the surrounding congregation—at least of the female part of it. Conscious of the effect she had produced, Mrs. Hawker was, on her way home, peculiarly chatty to all and sundry of the town gossips. Amongst others, she and her husband were joined by Mr. Staple, who, after a well-turned compliment to the lady's blooming looks and elegant attire, turned to John, remarking that times could not be so desperate after all. John presented his longest face, and assured his friend that business was as bad as it could be, that money was very scarce, and there was no [illegible] to the difficulties now-a-days of making [illegible] meet. From this, however, Mrs. Hawker [illegible]dedly dissented. For her part, she was [illegible]ctly satisfied with things as they were, [illegible] no notion of living in the hugger-mug[illegible] that some people would live in if they [illegible] their will. Indeed, she was fitting [illegible] drawing-room in a genteel man[illegible] [illegible] might occasionally see their [illegible] social way. *Poor John!* in vain [illegible] and looks of intreaty to a[illegible] was [illegible] the subject. Every word on a fa[illegible] the plea of poverty he "There [illegible]ting in to Staple, but being Tod's — Mrs. Hawker still went on.

"A cheap [illegible] for instance, I bought at the grocer.

"Not at all [illegible] merely," remarked [illegible]ly; "for when [illegible] and serviceable. [illegible] served the lady tart[illegible] day; do we, Mr. S. I like them good Mr. Staple hoped [illegible] a carpet every

"I am in treaty for [illegible] broker, but——"

"But you know, my [illegible] Morrison the in an insinuating tone, "

"*I'll* see about that, Mr[illegible] John grocerese, "if I can only g[illegible] it." my price."

"Well, well, you know best," said the [illegible] who felt that he had carried h[illegible] as far as he dared. Here Stap[illegible] off towards his own house, and on [illegible] Hawker pressed him to drop in [illegible] in a friendly way. "We have ju[illegible] dozen of gold-colored sherry down f[illegible]don."

"I am delighted to find you are get[illegible] so well in the world," remarked Staple, [illegible] shook hands. By this time John was [illegible]pletely bewildered; but quickly awoke t[illegible] sense of his situation, when his friend add[illegible] significantly, "I suppose I shall see you on the twenty-fifth, John?"

John was too frightened to reply, so Staple went away without receiving an answer.

"So, so," said Mrs. Hawker, in a tone of severe inquiry; "what is going on on the twenty-fifth?"

John made a mighty effort to utter—"Nothing."

"Nothing! eh, John? as if I did not know Staple of old. But take care, if you do dine with him on that day, you don't come home in the state you did last Christmas. Indeed, if I were you, John, I would not go at all."

Alas! John only wished he might have it in his power for once to disobey his better half; but as he saw not the smallest prospect of being able, with any face, to visit his friend on the day named, he faithfully promised that he wouldn't. Oh, that ten pounds!

Again the neighbors noticed that John Hawker had relapsed into the old state of melancholy; neither was this overlooked by his wife. It was in vain she tried to rouse him—vain were her treats after supper of little tumblers of the gold colored sherry and warm water; for every drop John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only creditor. Vain was her triumph over Morrison the broker, when she succeeded in getting the sofa at her own price; for John shared not in her exultation. "How," thought the wretched grocer, "can I face Staple, when the news of the outlay comes to his ears?"

How indeed? Conscience makes cowards of us all; but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being unable to keep his engagement troubled him with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter Staple on the street; and feared to stay at home, lest Staple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could invent no reasonable excuse for going errands of business for his head partner, he was observed to turn the corners of every street with the utmost caution, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to enter it. Once, when he thought he saw Staple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley; and another time, when laboring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a doctor's shop, and asked for a certain drug with so much incoherency of manner, that the dispenser refused to supply him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Staple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Was the creditor nursing up all his wrath till the default of payment had been actually committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs. Hawker? John's hair stood on end at the bare anticipation. But no, no; he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may go to law for the debt—resort, in fact, to great extremities to get it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be hurled against him—and John was right.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day; the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had just gone to London on some pressing business! "Perhaps," said John, the first moment he found himself alone, while rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence, that his linen shop-sleeves looked like a couple of white ribbons—"perhaps," he exclaimed, "Staple has *forgotten* the ten pounds!"

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him to execute out of doors, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he surprised her by the alacrity with which he undertook it. He walked along the streets with a bold step, and confident air, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice, past Staple's own house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these excursions this comfortable condition of mind was doomed to receive a severe check. John met the post-man, who placed in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and turned pale; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most retired part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the grocer for breaking his word, the writer gave him a peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid "immediately," (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes,) the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney; for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbors by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so desperate but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple didn't mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to defy the law.

It was well he was thus fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, while he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger, who came in under pretence of inquiring the price of mottled soap. Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Hawker's back was turned, (for she was weighing off treacle,) and John was able to crush the memorandum in his palm, and thrust it under his apron-string, without detection. When an opportunity occurred of perusing it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

"Troubles," says a much-used adage, "are nothing when you are used to them;" in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Familiarity breeds contempt for woes, as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had his mind been tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—a patient but bewildered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, another man would have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred telling his wife to going to prison. 'Tis true that in moments of extreme excitement several wild schemes entered his head. He *had* thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but to give himself up to eternal domestic discord, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity; and one morning, while the devoted Chapman was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlor, a rough looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs. Hawker's attention, and on the stranger inquiring for her husband, she desired him to "step in." The moment the parlor door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the entrant, he saw it was all over with him. He first shut the door and then the ledger, took off one of his short sleeves, and looked for his hat. "I suppose I must go with you?" he remarked, in a tone of resignation that would have done honor to a martyr.

"Oh no," answered the man, pulling out a very dirty pocket-book; "you labor under a mistake: this writ"—and he exhibited a long slip of parchment—"this writ is not a *capias*. I have not come to take your body; we only want the goods—that's all."

"The what?" asked John, aghast; "the goods? the furniture?"

"Of course; and stock in trade, too—at least as much of it as will cover the debt and costs."

John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other elegancies of the up-stairs room, in which his good lady took such pride, and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison at once. His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the precipice that was about to fall on [illegible]. Here was a crisis! An execution was [illegible] house! Now it was all over. "Mercy [illegible]" he exclaimed, clasping his hands; "[illegible] wife *must* know of it!"

"Not by no means," said the she[illegible] as he took off his greatcoat, and [illegible] to make himself perfectly at ho[illegible] events not just yet; for I dare sa[illegible]" [illegible]tress her, poor thing."

"But how *can* it be avoided, [illegible]" asked poor John, grasping the [illegible] der with unnatural energy. [illegible] you can

"Why, this way. You [illegible], which [illegible]session of your goods and [illegible], and get keep me here if you lik[illegible] arrange be[illegible] will give you time to [illegible] broker, and money together. Bu[illegible] fore that time, we m[illegible] be sure," said [illegible] you will have to sell."

"Something m[illegible] keep *that* from my [illegible] Hawker thought[illegible] live and sleep [illegible]n't I pretend to be [illegible] wife." [illegible] from sea?"

"Nothing [illegible] at sea." a cousin of [illegible] something else. Men

"But I [illegible] call us, are obliged to

"Then [illegible]mmodate parties. When in posse[illegible]'s houses, they put me turn a[illegible]ers little think they are I get [illegible]iff's man. In other houses a[illegible]ingle-man lodger, who boards wi[illegible]; but I always find the cousin I [illegible]ver best. Make haste," he ad-[illegible]nk of something; your wife's a-[illegible]ave you *no* relations abroad?"

[illegible]pportune question the cause of all [illegible]ouble darted into his mind, and John [illegible] enough sense to say, "Yes, my bro[illegible] emigrated three months ago."

The man replied, "Very well; leave the rest to me," just in time; for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Hawker entered the parlor.

The ingenious "man in possession" exercised his imagination so successfully, that for a time he deceived the not-easily-taken-in Mrs. Hawker. He said he had been sent by the emigrants to give an account of their embarkation, and to say they were quite well; adding, that he was very glad to accept the kind invitation which Mr. Hawker had given him to stay a day or two, to await the arrival of some money he expected from London. The lady frowned upon her husband one of those annihilating looks which generally made John tremble. The guest, however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he had seen a good deal of life—made himself, during the rest of the day, so agreeable to the hostess by a little adroit flattery, that after supper she produced the gold-colored sherry, and caused a bed to be made for him on the new sofa, in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house next day like a man in a dream. The little wit he usually possessed was completely frightened out of him, and only returned when something happened that tended to awaken his "good lady's" suspicions, and consequently his own fears. For instance, the stranger's story concerning the departed brother turned out, on cross-examination, to be rather incoherent. Sometimes John was said to have four nephews, instead of two; at others, his brother had gone to New Zealand, instead of to Australia; till at length the lady's suspicions were so effectually roused on the sixth day, that she told John confidentially she believed the man was an impostor, and hinted the expediency of consulting some intelligent constable. This gave the husband a new fit of dread. He bore up against it as long as he could; but at length, when the man in possession was detected smoking a pipe up the kitchen chimney, the "good lady" vowed she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agony was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and symptoms of incipient insanity. But here the rigid shopwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her attentions were centered in her husband; the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself too useful to be thought unkindly of; but still he had a duty to perform, and—the ninth day was to-morrow!

The doctor's report to Mrs. Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was mental, rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something awful! Upon this Mrs. Hawker intreated her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that endearment and coaxing could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but on each occasion his heart failed him, and he was silent. As it turned out, it was perhaps fortunate that he remained so; for at this, the eleventh hour, succor was at hand!

At the very moment that Mrs. Hawker was making the third endeavor to extract the secret from her husband, who should enter the shop but the brother who, it was supposed, had emigrated! Having quarrelled with Mrs. Hawker, he declined seeing her, but desired to have an interview with his brother alone. This he had; and related that, having gone to London to embark on board the emigrant ship, he accidentally met Lord Winter's land-steward, who dissuaded him from so rash a step, wrote to his lordship, and he had given him the situation of bailiff. "So, as I have no passage-money to pay, I can return the ten pounds after all."

"What!" said John, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy which alarmed his brother. "What did you say about the ten pounds? Say it again, for mercy's sake!"

"Here it is," replied the elder Hawker, showing a bank-note.

"But the costs!"

"What costs?"

This question was answered by a rambling account of all poor John had endured for his brother's sake. The man in possession was called up stairs; the money (debt and costs) paid; the deception he practised on Mrs. Hawker was favored and strengthened by the brother, who corroborated his story; and John's peace of mind and health were completely restored.

Since this transaction, John and his wife have got on so well in the world, that they talk of retiring from business. They live most happily together; for Mrs. Hawker continues to have it all her own way. John is obedient and confiding in everything save one;—to this day his good lady does not know a word about the "TEN POUNDS."

Agricultural.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

The advantages that would be derived not only in an individual, but a national point of view, from a greatly increased culture of all our choice fruits, is not fully appreciated. The large quantity of animal food consumed by all classes in this country, renders the antiseptic and diluent properties of fruits in temperate and tropical climates, absolutely necessary to the promotion and preservation of health. The alarming increase of diseases of the heart, apoplexy, palsy, obstructions of the liver, lungs, and other vital organs, and the rapid progress and violence of the inflammations consequent upon these obstructions, are directly or indirectly connected with and dependent upon a plethoric or overloaded condition of the blood vessels; a state of the system, which a free use of ripe fruits and vegetables is best calculated to prevent and correct. The object to be obtained in this case, is too manifest and striking to require any enforcement from argument. Physicians, however they may differ in opinion on some subjects, agree on this, that the free use of good ripe fruits, such as the grape, the apple, peach, &c., &c., is well calculated to promote and preserve a healthy state of the human system. We have, therefore, not only pecuniary inducements to cover our fields and the banks of our rivers with the choicest fruits, to delight the eye and gratify the taste, but a far higher object, the promotion of the health and happiness of our fellow cre[illegible]tures.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that have [illegible] made for a number of years past, to a[illegible] the culture of the grape and some othe[illegible] —and the success has been very enc[illegible] —there does not appear to be any [illegible] of overstocking the markets of the [illegible]ot on the seaboard, for a quarter of [illegible] has come. Indeed, if still greater e[illegible] past made, and far more land empl[illegible] than been for these purposes for m[illegible], rail- the growth of the cities will [illegible] markets, the growth of the fruit; add[illegible] come. roads and steam have made [illegible] the west, and will continue to do so[illegible], find it to

The farmers in the int[illegible]e quantities owing to their cheap [illegible]s than fruits; their interest to supply [illegible]tly land near of grain and less peri[illegible], would find it and the owners of [illegible]turn their atten- our large cities [illegible] of the garden, the greatly to their ad[illegible]an they have here- tion more to the [illegible] from its arriving at vineyard and th[illegible]n, and continuing to tofore done. [illegible] every year when well the bearing [illegible]ost indefinite period of produce a [illegible]antages over every other cultivated [illegible] acquainted; and hence, time, [illegible] it a decided preference on fruit w[illegible]ton Point. As fast as my of late[illegible]il or show symptoms of decay, my [illegible] suitable, I occupy it with the [illegible]k well covered with good plants i[illegible]lla grape, properly and carefully [illegible] will, I am fully persuaded, give [illegible] more certain dividends, in proportion [illegible]he amount of capital invested, than [illegible]r bank in the State. Then the enjoyment [illegible]which the management of a vineyard [illegible]fford, the general reader may have formed [illegible] idea of, from the perusal of the pages of [illegible]red and profane history, but can never fully [illegible]alize till, while cutting the tender shoots [illegible]with his own hand, he inhales the delightful perfume of the delicate blossom of the vine; and when, at the wane of the season, he clips the large, well filled clusters from the branches, enrapturing the eye, the taste, and the smell, then it is that he can comprehend the reason why the grape has been made the theme of the poet, philosopher, and divine, in every age of the world. Yours truly,

R. T. UNDERHILL.

New York, Feb. 17th, 1844. *Cultivator.*

SHEEP.—It is very common in the months of June and July for some kinds of sheep, especially the fine Leicester breed, which are commonly thin skinned about the head, to be struck with a kind of fly, and by scratching the place with their feet they make it sore and raw. To prevent this, take tar, train oil and salt, boil them together, and when cold, put a little of it on the part affected. This application keeps off the flies and likewise heals the sore. The salt should be in a very small quantity, or powdered sulphur may be used instead of it.

THINGS THAT DO NOT LOOK WELL.—It does not look well to let the garden grow up to weeds, and then say that a garden is good for nothing.

It does not look well for a man to thump and abuse his horses or oxen, just to try his whip; or to suffer his boys to do so.

It does not look well to have the gate without hinges, held up by a prop, leaving at the bottom an aperture through which some hog with a convenient nose can rub, and so slip around into the garden.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The occurrence of the "Fourth" this year upon one of our busiest days, our large edition compelling an early sending the paper to press always; and the impossibility of inducing our hands to labor on the glorious anniversary, were we so unpatriotic as to desire, compelled us to go to press this week without even an attempt to say anything about the doings on the Fourth. This much we can promise—that if no disaster clouds the anniversary, during the day, its very auspicious opening promises one of the most enthusiastic and imposing celebrations which has ever taken place in this country, on any occasion.

Among the articles introduced into the pageantry of the American procession, we notice: Banners, to the number of some dozens, the greater part of them painted expressly for this occasion; a large model ship, and several smaller vessels, built by the ship carpenters of Kensington and Southwark; a "Temple of Liberty," built by house carpenters; a plough and several other insignia of different trades, which we cannot enumerate; twenty-six men mounted to represent the twenty-six States; together with other preparations and devices which cannot fail, in the aggregate to make a grand display. As noted by us last week there will be a great number of ward and district political celebrations and dinners, and an unusually large military display.

With the sunrise on the Fifth will commence utter dullness with the retail trade, but the wholesale men will commence putting up their autumn orders and packages for the interior of the State, and the great Western markets. We are glad to state that they promise this year, an improvement upon the last. There will not, however, be outside demonstration and bustle enough to take away from the summer solstice, that appearance of dullness which the old ladies used to date at "cucumber time," as this season was once designated. The boats and other conveyances have been running away with our people of fashion and of leisure for a week or two past; and the efflux still continues. Many people are away for a few days at a time, and this keeps the population down to the Summer point, and the streets at their quiet period.

It is gratifying to be able to say that the city is, for the season, healthy. Some of our newspaper prophets of evil, we notice, are predicting epidemics—their prophecy being based on the—abundance of flies! It is not a theme to speak lightly of, but we cannot help feeling amused at the curious imagination of those who can see any relation of cause and effect between winged insects and epidemics. Frui[illegible] is very abundant—but it is also of good quali[illegible] and more thoroughly matured at this early [illegible]son, than usual. In fact, our good folks [illegible] actually been treated to early fruits an[illegible] tables actually fit to eat, at the time w[illegible] were only looking for the miserable [illegible] for such delicacies which usually [illegible] into the market. [illegible]

The feature of news for the we[illegible]—many exampled rise of the Western [illegible] proper co- details of which, will be found [illegible] to what lumn. We have nothing t[illegible]alamity, ex- is elsewhere said, of this t[illegible]al accounts cept to hope that subsequ[illegible]en over-esti- will prove the damage [illegible] mated. [illegible] the next Presi-

The political camp[illegible] from next week dency is now fairly [illegible] is determined, we forward, until th[illegible] very busily engaged shall find the [illegible], and auguring upon in counting th[illegible] by the hiero-politico the omens a[illegible]'s bird of the shrill cla- dissectors of [illegible] quoted coon of the other rion, and [illegible] gentlemen—but do keep party. [illegible] any anxiety betray you into cool. [illegible]erspiration. Don't bet—don't excite[illegible]spond—and don't over-exult on buily[illegible]asy but a month or two, and you trif[illegible] about it. w[illegible]

TERRIBLE FLOODS.

[illegible] flood which had just subsided in the [illegible]rn rivers was accounted one of the great[illegible] which had ever happened; but a second [illegible] succeeded. The Cincinnati Commercial [illegible] reports from St. Louis to the 20th, at which [illegible]ate the Mississippi was four feet higher than at the late flood, being considerably above any flood since the memory of man, and still rising rapidly, and what is more startling, a further rise of *ten feet* was reported as coming out of the Missouri, and *forty feet* out of the Kansas, a main branch of that stream.

Illinoistown was completely under water. The ferry boat crossing from St. Louis to the bluffs, a distance of ten miles. The loss of property is beyond all computation—buildings were floating down the Mississippi, also the bodies of cattle drowned on the bottoms. Crops all along the rivers were entirely destroyed; in fact such a calamity as has fallen upon the inhabitants of the low lands of the western rivers was never dreamed of by mortal man.

The Missouri had risen several feet at St. Joseph, in 24 hours, on the 13th. The crops, fences and stock had been swept away; many buildings destroyed and some lives lost.

The Missouri Mail on her trip down was compelled to assist the inhabitants drowning on the banks.

The Illinois river is still rising—the water is up to the houses in Alton.

The low lands below St. Louis are entirely covered with water. Houses in some parts of St. Louis have four feet water on the first floor. At the upper part of the levee steamboats could discharge freight near about the roofs, conveniently.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Since the above was in type, our Western exchanges bring us further and terribly interesting particulars. Dates are from St. Louis to the 22d of June, and the details which we receive by them of the doings of the flood, are such as to mock all efforts to estimate the damage done. But whatever else the river may do, it cannot extinguish the spirit of reckless fun at the West, or "put out" the ready wit of the Western editors. For instance, the editor of the St. Louis Reveille thus notices the inundation of the city prison:

IMMORALITY.—The invariable result of "getting *high*," is to get into difficulty; and it is truly melancholy for us to state that our old and respectable friend, the Father of Waters, has, at last, *got into the Calaboose where he ought to be in his bed!*

On the 22d no symptoms of an abatement of the flood. The water of the Mississippi was *thirty four feet six inches* above low water mark and still rising; and the river was three, six, nine and even fifteen miles wider at different points. The editor of the St. Louis Republican thus describes a boating excursion made by him, in company with others:

We left the foot of Market street, and crossed to the ferry landing; from thence we passed over several streets of Illinoistown, and went to "Old Pap's House," a mile and a half from the ferry landing. Thence we rowed through a cornfield, and an oatfield, to the railroad—passed along it some distance, and through another field to the big lake and the bluffs, near the Pittsburgh coal mines—a distance of about nine miles. On our return, we crossed to the east side of Bloody Island, and passed round the head of the Island. Everywhere we witnessed the destruction of whole crops, the year's subsistence of the farmer and his family. Those who have not tried, can scarcely form a conception of the strength and rapidity of the current, or the loud roar which the rushing torrent makes as it courses through the forest. The main current appears to strike Bloody Island on the west side, a short distance below the head of it, a portion turning off and passing down the east side. Never did oarsmen ply the oar more stoutly or more faithfully than our gallant crew, when coming round the head of the Island. It was the accomplishment of a feat of which the young gentlemen may justly boast, and hand down to their grand children, (if they ever should have any—for, except our friend *Strews* and ourself, they were all of the single number,) as evidence of their skill and strength. The feat was not without danger equal to its difficulties.

Reports from the Missouri give the rise twenty-five feet above its usual height. Whole towns are destroyed and swept away. The "bottoms" or "valleys" of the river and tributaries, are completely inundated, and hundreds of families have been left with nothing save the clothing they had on. In fact the scenes of misery and distress, are such as to almost defy description. At Camden Bend two men were taken off from a tree top nearly exhausted, having been there twenty-four hours. The river is filled with drift, and a large number of houses were seen floating down the river, together with cattle, hogs, furniture, and produce. Two warehouses were swept into the river a few miles below Jefferson City, while the Balloon lay there. A number of persons are missing at different points, but it is supposed that few lives have been lost. We have seen reports of but about six or seven persons known to be lost. Among these are Mr. Thomas Emmerson, of Logansport; Mr. Green, of Fort Wayne; Mr. Collier, of Columbia, and William Richardson, a dock hand of the steamer Wapello.

The distress which this terrible flood will occasion, all along the banks of the Mississippi, it is almost impossible to conceive. As already stated, it is a more terrible visitation than has ever before occurred in the history of the country. And it is one of those disasters which no precaution can prevent. The only method of prudence is to estimate these unavoidable disasters in waking up the average of the advantages and disadvantages of the West, and so study the river as to be prepared for them. [illegible] the country becomes more thickly settled [illegible] rivers will receive as exact and scientific [illegible] tion as the ancient Egyptians bestowed [illegible] Nile.

PRINCETON COLL[illegible]

The ninety-seventh commence[illegible]ated at College of New Jersey, was [illegible] the customary ceremony and interest[illegible] Princeton, on Wednesday week[illegible] members [illegible] degree in of the Junior class received [illegible] graduates in the Arts, (A. B.,) and thirt[illegible]ree, (A. M.) course received the se[illegible]ferred by the The degree of D. D. [illegible] Rev. Thomas Board of Trustees [illegible]sion Church, Lan- Archer, of the Unit[illegible]er O. Studdiford, of don, and upon R[illegible]e honorary degree of Lambertsville, N[illegible]d upon Stacy G. Potts A. M. was also [illegible]quires, of Trenton. The and James Wi[illegible] will be gratified to hear, friends of the[illegible] Trustees have appointed a that the B[illegible]sider the subject of celebra- committe[illegible]ing centennial anniversary. ting its [illegible]cement Exercises drew together The [illegible]blage. The Church was crowded a lar[illegible], the galleries exhibiting a bright to a[illegible] beauty and fashion. The Constitu- di[illegible]vention, now in session at Trenton, [illegible] in a body by invitation, and among [illegible]istinguished persons present were some [illegible] old surviving Alumni of the College, [illegible]uding the venerable ex-President, Doctor [illegible]reen, who graduated in 1783, the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, of the class of 1789, and Col. Robert G. Johnson, of West Jersey, who graduated the year after.

Among other distinguished individuals present, were Gov. Haines, Chief Justice Hornblower, Right Rev. Bishop Doane, Hon. Samuel D. Ingham, with several Judges of the Supreme Court, Members of Congress, etc.

THE BODINE TRIAL.

The case of Polly Bodine, indicted for the murder of her brother's wife and child, at Richmond, Staten Island, New York, has excited a great and feverish interest in that vicinity. The reader undoubtedly recollects the character of this terrible murder, and the facts which transpired at the time of Polly's previous examinations. Nothing new has been elicited, and although the public are said very generally to consider the woman guilty, her family connexions, who were also of course connexions of the deceased, believe her innocent. Fifty-one witnesses were examined for the prosecution; and if we understand the testimony, the strongest point is, that certain property of the deceased, was pawned by the defendant.

The defence rested principally upon the following points:—That if the prisoner committed the deed, she did it on Saturday night, and he would prove that Mrs. Houseman was alive on Sunday morning. It was also shown that the accused was cheerful as usual on Saturday and Sunday, betraying no agitation; that at the time of the alleged murder, accused slept with her sister-in-law, and could not have gone out without her knowing it. Also that the $1,000 for which it is said the accused committed the deed, was in her father's house at the time, and she knew it and not only this sum, but a large sum beside, belonging to her father, which was in the same drawer with the $1,000, and to which she had access at all times, and could have taken it without suspicion, and without committing the crime laid to her charge.

STEAM EXPLOSION.

A sad accident occurred at Windsor, opposite Detroit, on the 25th of June. The steamer Gen. Vance, from Detroit for Toledo, had stopped at Windsor, and while about to let off steam, the boiler exploded, and the vessel sunk immediately. Mr. Samuel D. Woodworth, the Captain, was thrown into the air and killed; Geo. Sweeney, of Chatham, C. W., was also killed; and Motherwill, an engineer, is supposed to be drowned. Major A. C. Truax, of Truago, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens, died shortly after of the wounds he had received. Mr. Gaylord, engineer of the Vance, was slightly wounded. He says the steam was low, and not so as to blow off, when the boat left the wharf on the Detroit side, but as usual, on leaving port, he caused the fires to be replenished, not knowing that the boat was to land on the other side. But on coming to the dock, he had her fire door opened, and himself raised the safety valve and tied it up, so as to blow off freely. At the moment of the explosion he was standing upon the rail, with his hand having hold of the shroud, saying to Captain Woodworth, "that he should have given him notice of his intention to land there, that the steam was making fast, and he must not stop long;" that instant the explosion took place; Mr. Gaylord was blown from the rail where he was standing, on to the forward deck of the Ferry-boat United, and was badly bruised, and somewhat scalded, but not dangerously.

TWELVE LIVES LOST.

On the 19th June the steamboat Palestine took fire on the Ohio, from carelessness, in stowing her cargo. She caught fire a few miles above the mouth of the Ohio, from a box of muriatic acid in the hull, and was extinguished with great difficulty. The boat was run ashore, and most of the passengers, by a little wading, got on *terra firma*. Some got in the yawl and upset it. The Louisville Courier gives the following as the names of those who were in the yawl, when it upset, and says they are undoubtedly lost:—Charles Harrington, of Pittsburg; Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Findley, Smith Moore, of Platte county, Mo.; George W. Stevens, William Hopson, Mrs. Lavina Horn, of Haskel county, Ky.; Joseph Neal, cook, colored man, and three firemen, making twelve in all, the firemen are supposed to be Germans; they had been on the boat but a day or two.

CHINESE COMPLIMENT.

Attached to the American Religious missions in China, is Dr. Parker, a highly respectable physician. His success in medicine paves the way for the introduction of the higher objects of his residence in a foreign land. He has established a School and Hospital, and the Missionary Herald speaks in high terms of the skill of one of his students. *Kwan Taou*, for such is his name, extirpated a tumor from a woman's shoulder weighing one and a half pounds, and the patient was discharged in ten days. This young man is said to be desirous of promoting the knowledge of foreign surgery and medicine in the empire. Between July, 1843, and January, 1844, there were received at Dr. Parker's hospital at Canton, 2,100 patients. Many of the cases have been of great interest. One of the military officers who bore a conspicuous part at the capture and ransom of Canton, has submitted to the surgeon's knife, for the removal of a tumor behind his ear. The Imperial High Commissioner, Ke Ying, has also sought relie[illegible] at the institution, and having obtained it, man[illegible]fested great satisfaction. He sent some [illegible]sents to Dr. Parker, one of which bore th[illegible]lowing tabular inscription:

"UNDER YOUR SKILFUL HAND, FROM [illegible]
WINTER OF DISEASE THE SPRIN[illegible]
OF HEALTH RETURNS."
"AND WITH LONGEVITY YOU BLESS [illegible]KIND."

OLE BULL.

All the world and his wife [illegible]wherever the great Norwegian violinist ha[illegible]ppeared, have felt it a duty to be extrava[illegible]ntly delighted. Once in a while, however, [illegible] matter of fact man, like *De Nogby*, of t[illegible] New Orleans Picayune, dares publicly to [illegible]ress his own private opinion. D. N. says, [illegible] of his letters from Boston:

"Had the wors[illegible]d Ole been himself twenty bulls, and [illegible] of them mad as March hares, the excit[illegible]t could not have been greater. There [illegible] what appeared to be the musical conte[illegible] of two canary birds, just as I have heard th[illegible]inging when pork was frying in the kitch[illegible] and the less musical contention of man and [illegible]—the gruff and the thin voice! the grow[illegible] the tiger, when the menagerie man ask[illegible] if he loves the ladies, and the hum o[illegible] musquito when he is thinking of blood! [illegible]ere were those singular imitations of th[illegible], hurdy-gurdy, and guitar, and that ma[illegible]ly fine-spun thread of melody, which se[illegible] a ray of golden light, shot from a sing-[illegible]here," rather than a sound. How he [illegible]d those strings! His fiddling, however, [illegible]ot fill me with all the ideas mentioned by [illegible]. Child, in her finely written description, [illegible] I suspect that others who pretend to see in [illegible] all she has pointed out, were not unlike *Polonius*, who sees in the cloud, at Hamlet's suggestion, in turn a camel, a whale, and a weasel; but the performance was certainly almost miraculous. The audience, generally, were in raptures, and many of them kept their heads a bobbing, out of time, like Chinese Mandarins."

A MONUMENT.

Measures have been set on foot in Lancaster county, in Ephrata, to the memory of certain soldiers of the Revolution. The circumstances of their death are briefly stated in the United States Gazette. After the battle of the Brandywine, about five hundred soldiers of the American army were taken into Lancaster county, wounded, or suffering from the Camp Fever. These sufferers were taken into two large buildings, situated on Mount Zion, belonging to the Society of Seventh-day Baptists, and there nursed with all possible attention. Unhappily the wounds and diseases of many proved mortal; and of the whole number TWO HUNDRED died. They were all buried in a small enclosure, on the summit of Mount Zion, in Ephrata, and the place is shown unto this day.

Certainly if there are any events which merit commemoration, this is one; not only for honor to the memories of the dead in their country's cause, but as a testimony to the practical christianity of those who closed their eyes. Some collections have already been made in Lancaster County; and an agent of the association, Mr. G. W. McElroy, is now in this city, and will receive contributions in aid of the work.

GALLOWS LITERATURE.

We have more than once raised our voice against the literary canonization of thieves and rogues, as the subject of "popular tales." A new specimen of the effect of such books and plays as make thieves immortal, has been brought to light in Macclesfield, England. A gang of five boys, the oldest not over fourteen years of age, were examined lately on a charge of felony, their suspicious appearance having excited the attention of the police. These young thieves were true disciples of Jack Sheppard, and when asked their names, &c., answered, "I am Jack Sheppard, and am eleven years old;" "I am Dick Turpin," said another, aged thirteen years, "and this is Jonathan Wild," pointing to a companion fourteen years old; the two others gave the names of "Tom King" and "Sugar." Jack Sheppard, whose real name is Nathaniel Shaw, was called "Captain Sheppard," by his com-rogues, owing to his having been more frequently convicted than any other of the band. They had leagued together to "make a profession" of robbing, but were checked in their career by being fully convicted of the charges against them.

THE MORMONS.

We have nothing to add to our rumors of Mormon troubles, published last week, except to hope that the whole affair will have a bloodless termination. We perceive that Judge Pope, of Illinois, has issued a mandamus against the Nauvoo Council, for ordering the office of the Expositor to be demolished, and thus exceeding the authority granted by the city. We are inclined to suspect that the Mormon Council will permit the lawyers to fight the battle for them.

Among the reports, we read that Joe Smith has 2,300 men under arms, and is ready for defensive operations. At Warsaw and Carthage about three hundred citizens are under arms, preparing to sustain the civil officers in serving the writs. They are determined, if necessary, to make war upon Smith and his men, but we suspect it will not be found "necessary." Smith has issued a proclamation, denouncing the "blacklegs, counterfeiters and debauchees," who infest his city; and warning the lawless not to be precipitate in their interference with the affairs of Nauvoo.

TERRIBLE DEATH.

The Starke County, Ohio papers, give us an account of a most melancholy disease, followed by death of the patient and his mother. Mr. Thomas Helvitt died of erysipelas, during which his brain was affected, and he suffered violent paroxysms of delirium. In the violence of his delirium, he was disposed to strike and injure those about him. In this manner, two persons were seriously, and one fatally injured. One found a slight abrasion of the skin on his hand, received in taking care of him; a rapid and alarming swelling followed, but subsided without serious consequences. Another received a blow on the eyebrow, which was followed by extensive swelling and derangement. Not long before his death, in a paroxysm, Mr. H. grasped his mother's hand so tightly as to sink his nails in the skin. The wound was trifling, but, in a day or two, the hand became highly inflamed; the swelling gradually extended to the shoulder, and the arm was covered with livid spots. She died on the 11th.

TALL STEAMING.

We have mentioned in another place the immense rise of water in the Western rivers. Among the incidents accompanying the rise, it is stated that while the Belle Air steamer was at St. Louis, she was tied up to a four story house, and a man was noticed sitting in the third story window, with his feet resting on the wheel house, reading a newspaper, while she was loading. Persons can judge from this how high the water was in parts of that city.

The same steamer performed trips seldom done by steamboats—she ran through the town of Chester, below St. Louis, passing over some of the housetops. In her course she ran into a brick house and demolished it! About one square below she ran into a stone house, shipping an immense quantity of stones on her bow, tearing off her guard from the bow to the wheel-house, and demolishing her kitchen, besides doing much other damage. One man was knocked overboard, but finally saved.

SNAKES.

A gentleman on the Island of Nantucket, has, according to the Inquirer, unearthed snakes by the bushel. From close observation he became satisfied that in a particular part of his farm, there was a den of these deadly reptiles. In clearing up a new piece of ground he discovered a den, the opening to which gave strong evidences of the passing in and out of animals of some description. He determined to give the matter further attention. And having commenced operations, he dug out the den to the depth of several feet, and succeeded in killing several hundred snakes of different kinds in this den. It is somewhat remarkable that the same den was the habitation of snakes of different kinds. There were angles in the den about as acute as the corners of a worm fence, and at each angle there would be found a large knot of snakes. The same gentleman has discovered other dens in the same neighborhood, and he has succeeded in killing an incredible number of snakes.

CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.

We find in the Burlington Vt. Gazette, an account of an accident, which indicates most culpable negligence on the part of those who had in charge the powder mill, at Danby, Four Corners. Three boys, from six to ten years of age, sons of Nathan J. Smith, David Lane and Variah Brown, went into the magazine, and, for the purpose of having some sport, filled a quill with the loose powder scattered upon the floor, and placed it upon the large box which contained one hundred and fifty pounds of powder. Mr. Lane's son then procured some lucifer matches, and thoughtlessly raking one of them on the floor to light it, ignited the powder on the floor, which carried the flame to the large box, and immediately a tremendous explosion followed, which rent the building to atoms, and shattered the buildings in the vicinity. The children were horribly disfigured, and Mr. Lane's son soon died of his injuries. Mr. Brown's son, it was supposed, would not recover.

SINBAD OUTDONE.

The Liverpool Mail tells a story which it really seems desirous that its readers should credit. It is that on board of a schooner, belonging to that port, on the 7th of May last, in lat. 44 N., and lon. 32 35, about four o'clock in the morning, it was discovered that all the watches on board, and the chronometer had stopped; and in referring to the compasses, of which there were three on board, they pointed to different parts, and were for a time useless. In about two hours afterwards the watches and chronometer re-commenced going, and the compasses became again as before. The Mail thinks that the subject is worth the attention of the "scientific." Perhaps it might be as well to ascertain first what the crew and skipper were about on the evening of the 6th. Stimulating those who have nautical instruments in charge, does not always conduce to the regularity of the apparatus.

"THE FIRST GUN."

In upwards of a considerable number of the political papers next week, we shall find the head above quoted appended to the results of the election, held on Monday in Louisiana. There are four representatives from Louisiana to the Congress of the United States, and the present delegation are all Democrats. In two of the Districts, the First and the Third, it is probable there has been no opposition; as in the First there was no nomination, and in the other the gentleman declined. At the same election candidates for the State Legislature, all the House, and half the Senate, will be balloted for. Delegates are also to be chosen to a convention to amend the State Constitution. The proximity of Louisiana to the "Lone Star Republic" will cause the Texas question to affect the election more, perhaps than in any other State.

A VERDICT.

William L. Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, has recovered $1,200 damages of Levi D. Slamm, of the Plebeian for a libel. The damages were laid at $10,000; and the jury awarded the sum mentioned. Mr. Stone is Superintendent of Common Schools of New York. The asserted libels were contained in the Plebeian of the 8th and 10th of April, 1843, and were in substance as follows:—

"Col. Stone, editor of the Commercial Advertiser, is Superintendent of the Public Schools; every school book is placed under his surveillance, and whatever work of merit may be presented to him, let it be written by a Democrat, or recommended by one—let it contain but one fact or sentiment calculated to awaken in the minds of the children a love of their country, and the despotic *imprimatem* would reject it."

TEXAS.

It now appears that the news from Mexico brought by Mr. Thompson is not of a character materially to change the positions of our relations with Mexico and Texas at the time of the formation of the Treaty. It was in anticipation of despatches requiring the action of Congress that it was said Mr. Tyler would call an extra session. However, as he has accomplished the annexation nearest his heart, and no thanks to Congress, we suppose he will let the extra session go by. It is intimated, furthermore, that the President may form a new Treaty with Texas, with the view to extend the time in which the Treaty may be ratified, so that it may come before the next Congress in December.

MESMERISM.

This "science," otherwise called animal magnetism, is as well defined in the following paragraph, as it can be:

"Mesmerism is a magnificent and imposing hypothesis, resting on a mighty small fact—a diminutive spark, evolving a volume of smoke—a tiny drop of reality, diluted by an ocean of humbug—a morsel of saponaceous froth, expanded by the breath of quackery into an enormous bubble; a vast philosophical and intangible column, built up of suppositions, and based on an infinitessimal atom of truth! Mesmerism etymologically defined is an anglo-german compound, derived from mess, a botch, or blunder, and merryism, which is synonymous with the common English fun, so that the actual signification of the term is a *funny mess*.

BOSTON LIBERALITY.

The Boston Courier states that one hundred and forty thousand dollars have, within three weeks, been subscribed in Boston, for philanthropic and scientific purposes. Of this sum, fifty thousand were for the improvement of the Massachusetts General Hospital; sixty thousand for the Boston Atheneum, and thirty thousand for a Female Asylum. Among the subscriptions to the Hospital were six of two thousand dollars each, and the remainder was in sums of one thousand, five hundred, two hundred, and one hundred dollars each. Truly such contributions bespeak a munificent spirit.

CHANCELLOR BIBB.

In our last we stated that Chancellor Bibb, of Kentucky would not accept the nomination to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. During the week the rumor has been current that he would accept—but the latest, and apparently, the most authentic advices, are, that he declines. Some gentleman will probably be immediately nominated to act as Secretary during the remaining term of Mr. Tyler; and general opinion seems to fix on Robert Rantoul, jr., of Massachusetts.

P. S. The very latest news is that he has accepted.

MR. CUSHING.

In our last, we stated that much anxiety was beginning to be felt for the safety of Mr. Cushing. Now that anxiety is set at rest. By an arrival at New York, we learn that the Brandywine, with Mr. C. on board, arrived at Canton, March 8th. On the 15th Mr. C. was at Hong Kong, where he had been well received by the authorities. He had issued a circular to the American merchants, requesting information relative to their trade, and was preparing to enter with spirit upon his diplomatic business.

THE CASE OF CARTER.

We mentioned in the last Post the conviction of Carter, charged with the murder of the Castner family. It now appears that he will not be sentenced until the meeting of the Supreme Court, in September next, there being some points to be argued in relation to the conviction.

NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.

This body having completed its labors, adjourned sine die on Saturday. On the day previous, Mr. J. H. Williamson, President of the New Jersey State Constitution Convention, resigned that office, in consequence of ill health. Mr. Wurts, the Vice President, was unanimously elected President. The question was then taken on agreeing to the Constitution, and it was agreed to, Mr. Condit, only, voting against it. Mr. Stokes was excused from voting. Mr. Zabriskie then offered a resolution allowing each member to affix his name to the instrument to be kept on file, which was agreed to.

A FISH STORY.

Mr. Elkins, who resides in Willow street, Brooklyn, and who has been extensively engaged in the whaling business, while standing on the dock at Nantucket, saw what is commonly called a Quohog clam, lying in the water, with its shell partially open, and a lobster manœuvring around it. Presently the lobster picked up a large pebble and dropped it in the clam shell, which prevented it from closing, and then set about devouring its prey. This, says the Brooklyn Advertiser, certainly shows the lobster capable of drawing an inference and a clam out of its shell at the same time.

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.

On Tuesday of last week, there occurred in Boston, the most destructive fire which has happened for years. As the day was exceedingly hot, the thermometer standing at 95, many of the firemen were disabled, and carried off the ground exhausted. Among the buildings destroyed were the Franklin School House, worth some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars; eight large three story houses in Dover street; the steam sawing mill of Mr. Rogers, and one dwelling house in Groton street, and a large bedstead factory on Washington street. The aggregate loss must exceed $100,000.

THE MURDER IN HAVANA.

The Spanish corporal who shot the American sailor, Murphy, at the pier in Havana, has been sentenced to four years imprisonment at hard labor, and after the expiration of that term, to degradation to the ranks. The sentence has been approved by the Captain General. Under all the circumstances, we suspect this is a just sentence; for the proverbial hatred of soldiers by sailors, often leads the latter to irritate and torment them. It is more than likely that poor Murphy, by bravado or refusal to obey the sentinel, laid himself fully liable under a strict construction of martial law.

PARDONS.

Seventeen more of the Americans transported to Van Dieman's Land, for participation in the Canadian Revolt, have been pardoned by the British Government—and intelligence to that effect has been officially received. Their names are: Chauncey Sheldon, Jos. Thompson, Alvin B. Sweet, Nathan Whiting, Jacob Paddock, John G. Swanberg, Garret Hicks, John Cronkhite, Elow Fellows, David House, Samuel Snow, Emanuel Garrison, David A. Heusus, Leonard Delano, Lewis W. Willer, Robert Marsh, Moses A. Dutcher.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, June 3, 1844.

There are some good people in the world, or rather there *were*, for I observe that the late Mr. Brindell, barrister, has just died, and left a legacy of £20,000 to the London University; and on the following day, Mr. Bacon died, leaving £28,000 to the same Institution—payable on the death of his widow. Noble examples, these. Money is much better disposed of in this way, than in giving nearly £2,000 each for old paintings, as at the recent sale of the late Mr. Herman's pictures. The new Scottish Free Church is going on bravely—the last committee having reported the organization of forty-one congregations, and twenty-six more in progress. The Wesleyan Methodists too, are "going ahead" (as you say in America;) for at their last Anniversary Meeting of Missions, they reported that they had 274 stations in different parts of the world; their receipts for 1843, were £110,620—expenditures, £112,908. Reform is progressing in various nations of Europe, for the Emperor of Russia has abolished flogging in his army, the King of Prussia has expressed a desire to abolish capital punishment, (is that reform?) and articles have been issued at the War Office against duelling in the British Army and Navy. Then we are mending our ways, for the last Railway Report announces that there are more than 2,000 miles of railways in operation in Great Britain, constructed at an expense of £80,000,000. Another atmospheric railway is to be commenced at Croydon, and, in short, science seems to promise all kinds of wonders, except "adding a cubit to the stature," and lengthening the life of man. And yet the latter point is doubtful, for if we can now travel in three days, as far as we formerly could in nine, we have the advantage, *pro tanto*, of three times that period of life—that is, we do as much in three days as we used to do in nine; and so also of many other things besides travelling. Father Mathew will not visit America this year. He is still much wanted in London, for in 1843, there were 10,890 cases of drunkenness there before the Police. It is right to add, however, that there are a decrease of 2,000 on the preceding year—and 11,000 fewer than in 1839! At this season of the year, there are generally near 200,000 strangers in London—and it is a pleasure to read that the authorities have recently broken up many gambling houses in which were found false dice, and all kinds of devices for cheating. Amongst other reforms, the shop-keepers of the large cities, and the attorneys, are closing their establishments at an early hour, to afford their young men opportunities of improving their minds. And yet, with all our reforms, it is computed that among 178,000,000 of people inhabiting Europe, 17,900,000 are beggars! The English people are subscribing thousands, to present Rowland Hill, author of the great Post Office Reform, with a landed estate. An invention is now announced to make canal boats go thirty miles an hour—Brunel, the engineer, has just travelled along the Great Western Railway, at fifty-six miles per hour—the French Government intends taking the management of all the French Railways into its own hands (no improvement,)—the vast commerce of Liverpool has doubled in sixteen years—the French are about to establish (in earnest this time) steam-packets to New York—Prussia is adopting an American system of Prison Discipline—France is about to follow the same example—but I see that the Pennsylvania solitary system is condemned in the Chamber of Deputies—and exports of all English manufactures have increased during the last quarter; for example—

Cotton goods and yarns,	£5,612,151
Same quarter, last year,	5,197,922

Every thing else shows about the same ratio of increase. Enough of improvements and reforms.

The Emperor of Russia has imposed an absentee Tax on all his subjects who travel abroad—I wish he could propose and enact one for Ireland, on rich Irish landlords who receive the rents from their tenants and hardly ever live in their own country. I regret to see that Lady Galmoy has been fined and imprisoned, for having been found tipsy in the streets of Dublin. She was confined twenty-four hours, because she refused to pay the fine. There is surely something noble in thus carrying out the law—so that no difference is known between the rich and poor. You may remember, as an instance of this stern and just impartiality, that about a year ago, a noble Lord was imprisoned for six months, for having assaulted and injured a watchman! Are your laws thus fearlessly executed in America!

Among the recent deaths, is that of Mr. Beckford, late of Fonthill, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was distinguished as the Author of Vathek, highly connected, somewhat eccentric in his manners, but possessing, perhaps, as much refined taste as any man that ever lived, in the Fine Arts. There were sixty-seven persons killed on the railways in Great Britain, in 1843. The mortality of London is about nine hundred persons every week, and there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred marriages per annum in England; while £5,000,000 a year are spent in funerals.

A new amusement has started up in this country, namely—"lark-singing." Two sky larks, are regularly pitted against each other to sing, and the wager is decided by experienced judges. A match of this kind has just "come off" at Hyde, Cheshire. Well—after all, this is a wonderful improvement on wrestling, horse-racing and prize-fighting. By the way, the Queen has refused to attend Ascot Races, in consequence of the gambling encouraged on the course. They say that a good example in high quarters, is never without good effects. I trust it may prove so in this instance.

A fire at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, has just destroyed forty houses. The people of [illegible] Bay are rejoicing in the capture of one hundred whales, which freight of wealth [illegible] as if the fishes had been so many oil-ships from the South Sea. I am sorry to say that the [illegible] Marquis of Waterford, has recently dismissed eighty men from his employ at Curraghmore—since which, some of his property has been burnt. No fewer than nine thousand new works have been offered at the recent Leipsic Fair, printed by seven hundred and nine publishers. The Emperor of Russia is preparing a new and immense expedition against the Circassians. The National Debt of Austria, is officially announced at 1,014,000,000 of florins. The great new work, by Thiers—the "History of the Consulate and Empire," will be out in a few days, and all the world are on tip-toe to read it. There—I have cleared up my note book.

Local Intelligence.

HOW TO KEEP COOL!

With the thermometer at 100 in the shade and the atmosphere boiling in the sun, it becomes of more importance to keep cool than even to elect a President or make a successful speculation in stocks. We yesterday found the secret of doing this; and just now prize it more than we would a recipe for the alchymist's *elixir vitæ*. It is to stop at J. L. Elliott's [illegible] store, S. E. corner of Tenth and Arch streets, and drink a glass of his sparkling soda water. If you would quaff the breath of an iceberg [illegible] thither at once.

NEW POSTMASTER.

James Hoy, Esq., late Deputy Surveyor of this Port, has been appointed Postmaster, and entered on Monday upon the duties of his office. He enjoys the confidence of all who know him; and will make an active and efficient officer.

SCHUYLKILL WATER WORKS.—A large number of persons were attracted to the banks of the river Schuylkill on Monday afternoon to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new Schuylkill Water Works in process of erection. The usual ceremonies were gone through, after which an address was delivered by Alexander Cummings, Esq., on behalf of the Commissioners. George M. Dallas, Esq., and John M. Read, Esq., also addressed the persons present. The Water Commissioners with their friends, then adjourned to [illegible] Bartle's Hotel, Fairmount, and partook of an excellent dinner.

BRISTOL CADETS.—Captain Partridge [illegible] the city on Saturday, with his school [illegible] Bristol. The young gentlemen made a [illegible] soldierly appearance. They performed [illegible]rous evolutions in Independence Square, [illegible] which they were addressed by Col. R. M. [illegible] Capt. Partridge responded at some length. [illegible] understand that the Captain and his company were subsequently the guests of Col. [illegible] Smith.

HEARTLESS.—On Thursday night of last week a small colored girl was taken up in Southwark by a watchman. She stated to him that she had no home, that the woman with whom she lived had gone out of town, and previous to going had turned her out of doors. She was taken to the watch house, where she remained until morning, when she was handed over to the care of the visitors of the poor.

DELAWARE AVENUE.—This work has been completed at a total cost of two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars. There is now a clear public highway of twenty-five feet in width, extending along the entire eastern front of the city, in conformity with the will of the late Stephen Girard. We understand that it is the intention of the Councils to light the avenue with gas.

MURDER.—A man named Wesley [illegible] while under the effects of intemperance on Tuesday, shot his own wife and daughter at his house in Kensington. He fired at them a gun loaded with slugs, and both were so badly wounded by the same charge that neither is expected to survive.

☞ We understand that two thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress to raise the frame of the sloop of war Germantown, at the Navy Yard in Southwark. This work will be commenced after the 4th inst., but no other work will be done this year.

MR. DEMPSTER.—This favorite vocalist, we perceive, gives one of his concerts on Monday evening. He has always been a favorite here, and in the absence of all musical competition for public patronage, he cannot fail to have a good audience.

☞ An old iron weathercock, made in England, in the year 1699, for William Penn and his associates, and used by them at their old mill, on Chester Creek, may be seen in the reading room of the Merchants' Exchange.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—At a meeting of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools, held on Monday, John Robbins, Jr., was elected President of the Board, and Col. Thomas F. Florence, Secretary.

☞ There were one hundred and sixty [illegible] applicants for admission into the Central High School on Monday.

Miscellaneous News.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—A powder mill belonging to Hazzard & Co., at Enfield, Conn., containing about 1,500 pounds of powder, exploded on Friday morning week. A man by the name of Luce, was in the mill at the time, and was literally blown to atoms. He has left a wife and two small children. The mill had been running only a few days, with new machinery. The immediate cause of the explosion is unknown.

☞ The soap and candle manufactory of Mr. Henry L. Kendall, and the distillery of Mr. Danus Sessors, in Providence, R. I., were last week destroyed by fire. The distillery was not insured. On the Soap and Candle Manufactory, there was an insurance of $10,000; $5,000 at the Hartford Company, and $5,000 in the American Insurance Company, of this c[illegible]

☞ J. B. Derby, who has [illegible] with a balloon, states that w[illegible] he saw several circular plat[illegible] revolution. After revolvin[illegible] increasing rapidity, they b[illegible] forming hail. Rather a d[illegible]

☞ Green corn is al[illegible] Annapolis, Md., that it [illegible] ling a dozen. At New [illegible] plenty a fortnight ago, [illegible] were tremendous.

☞ Nicholas Gordo[illegible] Providence jail, await[illegible] der of Amasa Spragu[illegible] it is hardly believed [illegible] recover.

☞ The Maryland [illegible] vention will be he[illegible] tember next, i[illegible] the [illegible]

☞ Peletiah F[illegible] pointed Postmaster [illegible] Sherry, removed.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

URANOGRAPHY; or, *a Description of the Heavens, designed for Academies and Schools, accompanied by an Atlas of the Heavens, showing the places of the principal Stars, Clusters, and Nebulæ, by E. Otis Kendall, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the High School, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.*—With the author of this work astronomy may fairly be styled a passion. He is one of the most enthusiastic pursuers of the science in the world; and as a consequence, he is one of the most competent men to treat of it, so far as knowledge is concerned. His profession has given him what all do not possess—the capacity to impart information; and we have in this work one most excellent to follow the ordinary elementary treatises.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, *for July*, is an able number. Passing by the political articles—which we leave to those who are fond of red-hot lightning this warm weather—we come to an article on the Spirit and Tendencies of the New Philosophy, a calm and dispassionate review of the German Philosophy. Then follows one of Hawthorne's excellent stories; a tale of some interest, by Ellett, and an article on Horne's New Spirit of the Age, the line of march being closed by a view of the influence of European or Asiatic civilization. The poetry of the number is less meritorious than usual, if we except "A Drama of Exile," by Miss Barrett. A well executed portrait of J. Fenimore Cooper embellishes the number. *Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.*

A VALUABLE CABINET LIBRARY.—Among the many authors of works for children, there are none who has excelled, and very few who have approached Mr. Goodrich—better known in this country and in Europe, as "Peter Parley." His last work is a Cabinet Library for the young, over which we have looked with a great deal of interest, and with the conviction that many of the old could well and profitably employ themselves in borrowing their children's books, if they have such as these. The first volume contains "Eminent Men of Modern Times," being made up of brief but comprehensive memoirs of distinguished men. *Zieber & Co.* are the Philadelphia publishers. The work is well printed, and tastefully got up in every way.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *for July*, has "A Legend of Spain," by Irving, an article on "The Monastic Life," a "Story of New York," by Matthew C. Field, and numerous other agreeable papers. The Editor's Table, as usual, is full of gossip, old and new, but all entertaining. An imaginary conversation with Sealsfield, in which some of the Reviews and Magazines get hard hits, while "Old Knick," miraculously escapes, is not the least amusing of the contents. *Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.*

THE WILFULNESS OF WOMEN, is the title of a novel just received by *Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.* It is by the author of "The History of a Flirt," which, it will be remembered, was an excellent novel.

☞ No. 26 of the Mirror Library, has been received from *Zieber & Co.* It contains Moore's Epicurean, and other delectable matter, such as Mr. Willis considers "The Luxury of English Prose."

MERTON, a novel, by Theodore Hook, has just been published in a cheap form by *Carey & Hart.* It is an interesting tale.

☞ *Colon* is continually receiving magazines, and other serials of the day.

Our Traveller.

ST. PETERSBURG.

One can hardly conceive, one can hardly comprehend what could have induced Peter the Great to place his Capitol in the least peopled and most unhealthy part of his Empire, when the Ukraine, wrested from Poland, the Crimme Conquered from the Turks, the shores of the Black Sea, or Moscow situated in the centre of the most populated and civilized part of Russia would have afforded an infinitely more agreeable residence. But Peter the Great had just returned from Saardam, where he had served as ship's carpenter, under the direction of Prince Menzikoff, and was determined to sacrifice the advantages of situation to the necessity of laying the foundation of the future naval power of his country.

The environs of Petersburg are worthy of the noble conception of the Czar. Approaching it by land on the magnificent road along the Neva, or by water past the beautiful valley on the South side of the Bay of Cronstadt, Petersburg appears alike majestic to the eyes of the stranger. Innumerable turrets, the cupolas of her splendid churches, her gigantic marble monuments, the Island of *Wassili Ostrow*, from the centre of which rises the Temple of Commerce, reared by Catharine II., all this indicates a city penetrated by European art and civilization.

Petersburg is a magnificent city of Palaces, and from the fact of its novel construction more regularly built than any other large city in Europe. Intersected and surrounded, in part, by the Neva, it may vie with Paris and London, though its population may not yet exceed 400,000.

The most beautiful monument, and one of the most extraordinary works of modern architecture, is the colossal rock that supports the equestrian statue of Peter the Great. The completion of this work was accompanied by innumerable difficulties. The block out of which it is hewn, weighed originally three millions of pounds. On it are engraved the words "*Petro primo, Catharina Secunda.*" It was removed from Finland, and is fifty feet long, twenty-one feet wide and seventeen feet high. The statue of Peter, is the work of the French sculptor *Falconel*, and represents the Czar in antique costume, crowned with laurels, stretching out his marshal staff towards the sea; while his horse is in the act of mounting the rock, and stamping with its hoofs on a serpent which bites it in the tail. The whole history of the Great Moscovite Ruler, is expressed in this allegory. It was he who first introduced navigation into Russia, and in that sense rendered the sea subject to his sceptre; the serpent represents the superstition and fanaticism which at every step opposed his improvements and reforms which he could only introduce at the most imminent hazard to himself and his government.

Among the most distinguished works of architecture, we must mention the Church of St. Isaac, built entirely of marble after the best Italian models, the Church of Our Lady at Casan, St. Nicolas, and St. Alexander Newsky, the Arsenal, the Winter Palace, the Palace of the Admiralty, the Hermitage, and the Palace of the Emperor himself. The latter is merely a building of enormous size and extension, but vastly inferior in style and execution, to those which immediately surround it; the Hermitage on the contrary, which is in fact but a gallery of the Winter Palace, is a little work of masonry, in which all the wonders of wealth and taste are united in the most fanciful disorder. The overseer allows strangers, on paying a gratuity of three or four roubles, to penetrate into the most secret recesses of this building, in which Catharine II. was wont to conceal her gallant adventures. The elegant construction, and distribution of the rooms, the mirrors, sofas, pictures and ornaments, indicate the tenor of the mind that called them into being, much better than the loquacity of poets, or the more solemn notes of history.

A beautiful *Quay* of Granite, embraces both sides of the river, and is raised to a height of ten feet above its level; serving as basis to a number of spacious palaces of noble structure among which are the Academy of Science, the Military Academy, the New Exchange, the Marble Palace, and the Citadel of Petersburg. In the middle of the Island of Wassili Ostrow, deserve particular mention. This Citadel provided with five bastions, and garnished with more than one hundred cannon, contains the State Prison, the Imperial Mint, the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which serves as sepulchre to the Emperors, and in which are preserved the jewels of the Crown. These, two hundred years ago, formed an immense treasure; but were not a little reduced under the extravagant administration of Catharine II., who pawned or disposed of them entirely, as a means of contracting loans, especially in Holland; and had them replaced by common stones or glass, to conceal her growing poverty from the people.

The citadel situated in the middle of the town, was undoubtedly less calculated to protect it from a foreign enemy that might attack it by sea, than to serve as a convenient place of retreat to the Imperial Family, in case of a popular insurrection. It stands in a spacious basin, in which a large number of ships are constantly lying at anchor, of which it is capable of accommodating at least four hundred. A glance at these evidences of the growing commercial and maritime importance of Russia, would hardly suggest the idea, that at the commencement of the eighteenth century this vast Empire had not a single ship, and that the energy of a single man was sufficient to build a magnificent city in the midst of a morass that he himself had conquered, and to create a navy that could take shelter under the walls of this city.

Small, but elegant houses, fill the space which separates the public buildings on the North side of the Neva; but these are generally empty; because the Boyars (nobles) to whom they belong, only come to Petersburg when called by business or service at the Court. Eager to escape from the restraint of the latter, they seize the first opportunity to leave the city, and be once more free on their estates, or in the smaller towns of the interior provinces. The real old noblesse, moreover, has wholly retired from St. Petersburg, and lives now, since the memorable rebellion of 1826, either in Moscow, or in the country.

The houses of Petersburg are built of brick, ornamented with columns, and have generally three stories, several balconies, and are uniformly covered with a yellowish, grey paint; but do not contain, like most houses in Paris, London, or in our own Atlantic cities, stores and shops beneath. The streets of St. Petersburg, therefore, are much less gay than, for instance, those of New York; though the *tout ensemble* of their appearance is much more magnificent. One immense building, called *Gostinoy-Dwor* (the Great Bazaar,) which is surrounded by two large galleries, contains all the wants of the capital. In this public building and its vast courts are the depots of the goods that find no place in the galleries. A simple seal of soft wax on their doors guards them from thieves and burglars. Every Russian shrinks back from breaking such a seal; for terrible punishments await him who defies the authority of the Crown.

But Petersburg is far from being as agreeable a city as Paris, Florence, Rome or Vienna. Every thing that pleases here is the work of art. Nature here seems hideous, and has at every step been conquered by art. A peculiarity, moreover, which is formed no where but in Venice and Amsterdam, deserves here particular mention. Petersburg is built on piles, and the quays and many of the streets are already so far undermined and washed out by the water, that they have already the appearance of being placed there for more than a thousand years. The uniform level plain, on which the city is built, causes us to fear that nothing but the most energetic precautions can save the city from being destroyed, either by the gradual destruction of its foundations, or by a sudden inundation of the river. Peter the Great, the founder of the city, seems to have been aware of the danger which threatened his darling city; for it was he who caused the many canals to be built which intersect the city in various directions, in order to diminish the pressure of the water in the river on the sides of the quays and public works. Notwithstanding this precaution, it is only required that the lake of *Onega* and *Ladoga* should rise to a certain height, or that a heavy gale in the Finnic Gulf should drive back the waters of the Neva, in order to completely destroy the city. On several occasions that danger has already manifested itself in a terrible manner. The water has, at times, entered the windows of the Imperial Palace; the Island of *Wassili Ostrow* has been several times completely under water, and every Russian remembers that the unfortunate daughter of Elizabeth and Prince *Razumofsky*, was drowned in her room (prison) in the citadel of Petersburg, which had been completely filled by the waters of the Neva.

Asia and Europe are mingled in Petersburg. Persians, Jews, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Swedes, people of all climes and religions are here congregated. The fractions of these different nations form distinct societies and coteries, preserving their manners, language and religion. The French, notwithstanding the favor in which they were formerly held by the Court, and which seemed to be hereditary in the reigns of Peter, Catharine, Paul and Alexander, are, ever since 1830, narrowly watched by the Government, and not much liked by the ruling Emperor. The English are still less popular with the people; the Americans alone, have always been liked at Court and in society.

Between Moscow and Petersburg there is great rivalry; the former is the true Capital of the Russian Empire, and the residence of its old, wealthy, and influential families. Petersburg contains the Court, and the Court-party, principally composed of foreigners who, ever since Peter the Great, have been at the head of the most important political transformations, which the Moscovite Empire has undergone from time to time.

Religious Intelligence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

From the Annual Report of the Sunday School Union, just published, we extract the following interesting paragraphs:

"Your Board feels grateful to a kind Providence for enlarging the Society's opportunities for doing good. The value of religious and instructive books for children and youth, which we have put in circulation the last year, is $69,109. This exceeds the value of our last year's circulation by the sum of $13,214. The average circulation of the last five years, expressed in pecuniary value, has been $64,676, and the average since we ceased to give credit, has been $61,527.

"The contributions of the Christian public to the great objects of our society, (aside from the distribution of our books by purchase,) have amounted during the last year to $14,343 29. Though this is quite an inconsiderable sum, considering the wants which it is to supply, it exceeds the like item of last year by the sum of $2,038.

"We have employed five agents and eleven missionaries during the year. These eleven missionaries have been employed chiefly in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, and the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa.

"The number of specific donations to needy Sunday Schools made during the past year is 243; and their value $2,350:—a list of which, with the names of places, applicants, &c., has been published in the Sunday School Journal. These donations have been scattered over twenty-three States and Territories, and have averaged a fraction less than a $10 library to each school. The amount actually distributed is $4,742 13; but the reports in detail are not yet received. Some of the successful applications have been from places beyond the limits of the United States; and we have many of this class still unanswered, to which we would joyfully respond, if our Christian brethren would put it in our power.

"The number of schools aided by the above 243 donations of books (so far as reported) is 447, with 2,905 teachers, and 19,447 scholars.

"One of our missionaries, in visiting 423 families, found 2,799 persons in all, and of these 1,788, or nearly two-thirds, were children. Of these families 287 were attached, in various proportions, to some one or other of the evangelical denominations, and, of course held, in common, the principal doctrines of the Protestant faith. It is evident, we think, that a Sunday School Missionary from a Union Society, with Union books, would have peculiar advantages for beginning a good work in such a district of country, with any prospect of success. If he can collect a quarter or even a fifth of the 1,788 children, and give them wholesome instruction in the great doctrines which are held by 287 of the families, and send them home with Bibles and Testaments and Hymn Books, and entertaining and instructive reading books, he will be very likely to secure an amount of good not otherwise attainable."

☞ There are in the Sabbath Schools of Cincinnati 5,919 scholars, and 944 teachers; and the number of books contained in the libraries of the schools is stated at 11,374. The number of children in Cincinnati of the ages embraced in Sabbath School operations is 12,784; and it therefore appears that 46 per cent., or nearly one half of the juvenile population of the city, is under this influence.

☞ The Lebanon Classis of the German Reformed Church, have deposed from the ministry of the Gospel, the Rev. Wm. Pauli, of Reading, Berks County. Contempt for the Church and its authorities, a departure from the cardinal doctrines of its standard, &c., are the alleged reasons for the act.

CONVENTION.—The Western Convention of Presbyterian and Congregational Ministers assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday week, and proceeded to business. The Rev. G. E. Pierce was chosen President.

☞ The treasurer of the fund for procuring a font of type for the Chinese Mission, acknowledges, in the Utica, N. Y. Gazette, the receipt of $569 91, of which $348 17 were subscribed by the citizens of Utica.

☞ The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred by the North Carolina University on the Rev. Charles Pitman, Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

☞ Friday, June 21, was observed in Alabama, by recommendation of the Governor, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

☞ At the latest dates from Europe upwards of $2,500,000 had been collected for the Free Church of Scotland.

EGG HATCHING.

Those of our readers who have seen the neat process of egg hatching by steam, now going on in this country, may be amused by the following description, by a recent traveller, of the mode in Egypt:

"One of the sights which amused me most was a chicken-hatching oven. This useful establishment is some distance from the walls, and gives life to some millions of chickens annually. It seems that the hens of Egypt are not given to sedentary occupations, having been hatched themselves by machinery, they do not feel called upon to hatch. They seem to consider that they have discharged every duty to society, when they have produced the egg, no domestic anxiety ruffles their bosoms, they care not whether their offspring becomes a fowl or a fritter, a game cock or an omelette. We entered a gloomy and filthy hut, in which a woman was squatting with a dark, little naked imp at her bosom. She sat sentry over a hole in the wall, and insisted clamorously on backsheesh, (a bribe.) Being satisfied in this particular, she consented to 'sit over,' and we introduced ourselves with considerable difficulty into a narrow passage, on either side of which were three chambers, strewn with fine mould, and covered with eggs, among which a naked Egyptian walks delicately as Agag, and keeps continually turning them with most hen-like anxiety. The heat was about one hundred degrees, the smell like that of Harrowgate water, and the floor was covered with egg shells and struggling chickens. The same heat is maintained day and night, and the same wretched hen-man passes his life in turning eggs. His fee is one-half the receipt, he returns fifty chickens for every hundred eggs that he receives."

The American mode is rather neater:

Mrs. Childs, in a letter to the Boston Courier, gives the following amusing account of the operations of the egg-hatcher, or eccaleobion. It is indeed a curious affair in natural, we had almost said artificial history.

Among the novelties now striving to arrest attention is the Eccaleobion or Hatching Machine. Its imposing name is derived from two Greek words, "I bring forth life." It is about as large as a bureau, consisting of a series of small ovens, warmed by pipes conveying steam. The uniformity of temperature prevents the possibility of addled eggs, which are produced by variations from heat to cold, occasioned by the hen's unsteady performance of her domestic duties. I felt some resistance to this substitution of machinery for mothers; and if I were a hen, I would get a protest against being thus thrust aside from the uses of creation. This is an ultimate form of the mechanical spirit of the age, wherein men construct artificial memories, and teach grammar by a machine, in which the active verb is a little hammer pounding on the objective case.

But what is the use of quarrelling with it? Does not the Eccaleobion hatch with perfect certainty every egg that is not stale or imperfect? Does it not turn out fifty chickens a day, or twenty thousand a year? And will not this reduce the price of poultry to the heart's content of the epicure?

These machines are sold for $120, and $75 is charged for one half of the capacity of production above described. Some of the farmers in Jersey and Long Island are investing capital in this way, with the expectation of profit.

The chickens thus hatched almost invariably live, and seem healthy and lively. When cold, they run into the holes under the ovens. The hard, silent box seemed to me a poor substitute for a mother's heart-warmth, and the friendly, clucking voice which gathers them under her brooding wings. But the little things seemed well contented with their lot, never having known anything better. Those a few weeks old, though plump and thriving, have rather a loaferish look, as if their mothers didn't know they were out, and consequently had not washed their faces, or combed their feathers. The older ones sometimes take to brooding the newly-hatched, who run after them with great eagerness, and strive with each other to obtain their caresses. There is something quite affecting in this relation between the bereaved orphans and their elder sisters.

This American machine is doubtless a great improvement upon the famous Egyptian *mammals*, or hatching ovens, and upon the Chinese method of using up the men, by having them sit, day after day, on nests of eggs, covered with feather cushions. It is a pity, though, that the demagogues and office seekers of this country couldn't be as usefully employed. If a tithe of them were to turn their attention that way, there would be a rapid diminution in the price of poultry.

The exhibition of the Eccaleobion is principally interesting from the opportunity it affords to watch the progressive development of animal life, from the first little white speck in which floats the embryo chicken, to the final projection of the beak through the shell, which it has broken by vigorous pecking at its prison walls. The only thing in which I took real pleasure, however, was in watching the first pulsation of the heart, which becomes observable on the third day. Though no bigger than a pin's head, it works with the vigor and precision of a steam engine.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

The veteran Commodore Stewart, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, which contains much most excellent advice, relative to the Navy of our country. We copy a couple of paragraphs, in relation to the education of young officers.

"The best school for teaching the young officer his profession is the ship itself, kept in active employment; but the Government owes it to its own interests, honor, and the cause of justice, that the means should no longer be withheld from him of acquiring a suitable knowledge of mathematics, a thorough acquaintance with the *laws of nations* and the languages of different countries; and in view of the introduction of steam as a mode of propelling vessels, it will be also highly important that he should be made fully conversant with the principles of that power, and the machinery through which it acts. By the instruction of passed midshipmen in even *one* additional modern language, a ship of war could be at any time furnished with proficients in almost all the different tongues that might be met with on her cruise. In time of war, the benefits that would be derived from a full knowledge of these subjects would be incalculable. While it would enable us to exercise our belligerent rights with propriety and safety, it would also put it in our power to understand the various papers of neutrals, preventing deceptions, or saving them from vexatious detentions and seizures and the country and officers from damages and complaints.

"I cannot better illustrate the consequences that resulted from an ignorance of an important language, than by stating a circumstance that came under my own notice during our last war with Great Britain. While cruising in the Constitution, disguised as an English frigate, and under English colors, we fell in with a large merchant ship, which displayed the Russian flag. An officer in the English uniform was sent on board, who was politely received, and, to his surprise, addressed by name. The papers could not be deciphered; the log book was equally unintelligible; and the ship being under the flag of our good friend the Emperor of Russia, it was supposed that all was right, and she was permitted to go on her way. In the sequel, it was boasted that this was an English vessel, under assimilated Russian papers, with a highly valuable cargo, and that her officers had been selected on account of their having been in the United States, where they had obtained drawings of the appearance of our ships, a personal acquaintance with many of our officers, and a variety of information, which might aid them in screening their vessels from capture. How many other examples of this kind did or might occur, the ease with which this deception was practised, may afford some idea."

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF LIEUT. ROBERTS.—This veteran officer, Admiralty Mail Agent of the steamship Acadia, died last week, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, from the effects of a fit of apoplexy with which he was attacked on the day of the arrival of the Acadia at Halifax. Lieut. Roberts was in his 70th year, having been for over half a century attached to the British Navy, in which he has seen much hard service and participated in several battles. He has held a Lieutenant's commission since November 1810. He came out as the first mail agent in the Britannia, in July, 1840, and has been in constant service since, never having lost a voyage, having made forty-one or two passages across the Atlantic in four years. He never had a sick day till his last sickness. He was a most efficient officer, and his death is a great loss to the service to which he was attached. He had many friends, who will mourn his sudden decease. He has left a wife in Liverpool, but has no family.

DEATH OF JUDGE STEPHEN.—The Baltimore Patriot announces the death at Annapolis, of the Hon. John Stephen, one of the Judges of the High Court of Appeals. He was in attendance upon the Court of Appeals when he was taken sick, and after several days of suffering, from a severe attack of cholera morbus, died on Thursday, June 27, at an advanced age, and after having been for twenty years one of the Associate Judges of the Court.

☞ The Saratoga papers mention the [illegible] (in that town,) of Mrs. Margaret Miller Davidson, mother of the sweet poetesses, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

☞ Micajah T. Williams, Esq., a distinguished, highly useful, and much esteemed citizen of Cincinnati, Ohio, died in that city on the 26th ult.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamer Britannia at Boston, we have foreign dates to June 19th.

Cotton has rallied, in some instances a rise of a half-penny has been fully realised. The demand is steady, and trade improving.

The imprisonment of O'Connell has raised the Repeal Rent from hundreds per week to thousands. A great deal of sympathy is expressed for him, not merely in Ireland, but in England. He has the "largest liberty" consistent with the forms of imprisonment, and although deputations are refused admission to him, he sees his friends, as individuals, in very large numbers.

The Emperor of Russia, after spending a week in England, had gone home. His reception was courteous, but of course not enthusiastic. He spent a great deal of his money and gave away much. He presented a large sum to the Polish exiles, but the committee declined to receive it.

There is no news of any consequence from the continent.

The Overland Mail had arrived from India. The news from China is to the 10th of March, but not important. The news from India includes some disturbance among the native chiefs, and some fighting among the half subjugated allies of Britain; but nothing of great moment.

The Turkish troops had defeated the Albanian rebels in two engagements—desperate resistance being made by them. The loss on both sides was considerable.

THE CELEBRATION.

The celebration on Thursday passed off here without any accident of any moment, so far as we have been able to learn. The number of people abroad was immense, and the good order and sobriety which marked the general demeanor was truly gratifying. In the evening a display of fire-works took place near Fountain Green, which attracted an immense concourse of people—probably greater than has ever been before assembled in this vicinity. The day and evening were delightful—neither hot nor cold.

To the above, we must except the sinking of the steamer Kent, in the Delaware, by collision with the Sun. Providentially no lives were lost, though terrible confusion of course attended the accident. The number of passengers on the boat was comparatively few. In a fine starlight night, like that of Thursday, it is difficult to see how this could happen.

☞ Judge Bibb of Kentucky has arrived in Washington, and entered upon the duties of his office as Secretary of the Treasury.

General News.

THE READING RAILROAD.—The double track of the Philadelphia, Reading and Pottsville Railroad, is now being laid as rapidly as the materials will permit. The workmen are engaged at all the intermediate points—at Schuylkill Haven, Hamburg, Douglasville, Baumstown, Pottsgrove, Manayunk, &c., and as fast as the arrival of the sills will allow, the road will be laid down. This promises to be one of the the most useful roads in the country. For the week ending June 15th, the amount of freight, &c., was $11,378 72; there were transported 5,952 tons of coal—the whole amount of coal transported by it this year, up to the 17th ult., was 140,860 tons, being 87,077 tons more than were sent at the same season last year.

GREAT FIRE IN HUDSON.—A spark from the steamboat Fairfield, set fire to the wool warehouse of Seneca Butts, at Hudson, New York, on Friday evening. The flames communicated to adjoining buildings in a southeasterly direction back to the railroad depot, destroying every thing in its way, from twenty to thirty houses, including a large ropewalk and a schooner at the wharf. The loss is estimated at $200,000. The principal sufferers are Seneca Butts, Hermance & Co., freighting merchants; Barnum, Curtis & Co.'s oil and candle manufactory; C. McArthur & Son's, and George Powel and Hubbell, lumber merchants; Coffins & Co. grocers.

LATE FROM HAYTI.—The U. S. ship Preble, Thos. W. Freelon, Esq., Commander, has arrived at New York, from a cruize on the Spanish Main, and last from Aux Cayes, (Hayti,) where she had been for some time actively employed in protecting the lives and property of Americans. Affairs were somewhat settled when the Preble left, but it was thought that tranquillity would not long continue, as the rebel chief, Acaoa, manifested considerable reluctance to submit to the authority of Gen. Guerrier, the newly-elected President of the Republic.

☞ An old beggar, of Yorkshire, England, has just succeeded to a fortune of £95,000, by the death of a nephew, who went out, some years since, to India, and recently died intestate.

☞ The General Assembly of Rhode Island, adjourned its session, at Newport, on Saturday last, after passing sundry unimportant private acts, and a resolution of general amnesty, granting a free pardon to all persons under indictment for participation in the late movements in this State in favor of Mr. Dorr, who shall, at the next term of the Supreme Court, make an oath of all allegiance to the State, and swear to support the Constitution of this State and of the United States. So if Mr. Dorr stays in prison it is his own choice.

CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.—From the annual report of this company, we learn that the receipts of the Canal, for the year ending on the 1st ult., were $98,013 90, being an excess of $31,995 45 over the receipts of the year previous. The number of passengers who have passed through the Canal, was 8,413, being an excess of 2,440 over the last year. The principal increase in the tolls is stated to have been derived from the Port Deposite, Havre de Grace, Baltimore, and Norfolk trade.

NASSAU, N. P.—Dates from Nassau, to the 1st ultimo, represent that the distress in the "Out Islands" continued, and subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers were still going on. It was stated at a public meeting at Nassau, on the 1st ult., that "mothers with their infants in their arms, were starving together—many aged and helpless were also in the same sad condition. Notwithstanding the relief which had been afforded, the most painful destitution existed in some localities."

A GENERAL ROBBED.—While Major General Scott, Commander-in-chief U. S. Army, was coming down the North River on Friday week, in the steamboat Troy, he had his pocket picked of $130. Four men named George Potter, Jas. Wilson, Charles Hubbard, and John Rock, have been arrested for being concerned in the robbery. Part and principal of the General's money was in gold, and a large amount was found on Rock. They were committed.

THE RECEIPTS ON THE BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAILROAD, during the first six months of this year, amounted to $128,827 71—an increase, as compared with the first six months of last year, of $25,651 78. The expenses of the road during the first six months of the year were $58,000, which, substracted from the receipts for the same period, viz: $128,827 71, leaves a clear profit of $70,827 71.

☞ A pin factory at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., manufactures 1,300 lbs. of pins per day, of various sizes, and they are getting additional machinery ready, by which they can soon manufacture 2,500 lbs. daily. They employ in the various branches of their operation one hundred hands regularly. They use 380 tons of wire, [illegible] between 2,000 and 3,000 reams of paper [illegible] annum.

[illegible] An old woman in Albany, named How[illegible], although poor, is highly respectable, has [illegible] recently received news of the death of her father, [illegible] resided in one of the Western States, [illegible] her a fortune of nearly $20,000 for the su[illegible] of her declining years.

☞ The [illegible] Cotton Factory, on the Sanquoit Creek, [illegible] Utica, was struck by lightning last week, [illegible] together with the machine shop, store, and [illegible]house, was entirely destroyed. The p[illegible] was owned by Mr. John Chadwick, w[illegible] was insured.

☞ The Worcester [illegible] states that a pickerel, three feet long, fo[illegible] and a half inches in girth, and weighing [illegible] pounds, was presented to Mr. Adams, [illegible] Temperance House in that town on Satu[illegible] week. It was caught in the Connecticut ri[illegible]

☞ The residence of Willi[illegible] Thornton, in the town of Fleming, near [illegible], N. Y., was consumed by fire on the m[illegible] 25th ultimo, and his eldest son Ste[illegible], a very promising young man, seventeen ye[illegible] age, perished in the flames.

☞ The Board of Aldermen, of New [illegible] have voted $450 for the erection of a m[illegible]ment over the grave of the Hon. Thos. Wi[illegible] the first Mayor of New York, from 1665 [illegible] 1674, who lies buried in Sekonk, near Providence, R. I.

☞ Two young girls were severely injured in New York, on Sunday morning, by the bursting of a spirit lamp, which they attempted to fill while it was lighted. One of them is not expected to recover. Their ages were eighteen and fifteen.

☞ The Walcottville Cotton Factory, in Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on Monday week. It was a wooden building, which, with the machinery and stock, was insured for $12,000 in the Etna Insurance Office, Hartford.

☞ The Wellsburg (Va.) Transcript states the singular fact that there is not now a public house licensed to sell intoxicating drink in either of the Counties of Brooke, Marshall, Tyler, or Marion, except one in that town.

☞ The New York Republic states that a gentleman from Michigan named Wheeler, was robbed on the way from Buffalo to Troy, by Railroad, of $10,000 taken from his valise. He did not miss it till he reached Troy.

CONSUMPTION.—The number of diseases from this dreaded and dreadful malady occurring every year in England and Wales, is in round numbers 36,000, being rather less than one-ninth of the mortality for all cases.

☞ A parliamentary return just printed states the amount of duty on patent medicines, in the ten years ending 5th January, 1844, was on the average nearly £30,000 a year. This shows an immense consumption.

☞ The steamer Maria brought from New Orleans to St. Louis, on the 19th ult., 581 passengers, 486 of whom were German and English emigrants. About 50 of them were Mormons on their way to Nauvoo.

HON. GEORGE MCDUFFIE.—The Charleston Mercury contradicts the statement which has been pretty generally circulated, that this gentleman intends resigning his seat in the United States Senate.

☞ Of 6,953 persons tried by the different Courts of Assize in France, in 1842, 3,626 were wholly uneducated, 2,283 could read and write indifferently, and only 239 had a good education.

☞ Fine ripe peaches are already in the Charleston market. They are described as of the soft nutmeg kind, perfectly ripe, and unsurpassed in richness and delicacy of flavor.

GEN. CASS.—It is stated in the Michigan papers that Gen. Cass will probably succeed Senator Porter in the United States Senate from that State after the 4th of March next.

☞ The Hartford and Springfield Railroad is to be completed by the 1st of November, and the railroad connection between New Haven and Boston will then be unbroken.

☞ The tolls on the Ohio Canals have been as follows:—Nov. 14, 1842, to June 4, 1843, $138,175; November 4, 1843, to June 4, 1844, $258,293; increase, $90,618.

☞ It is estimated that over 100,000 tons of timber will find its way down the St. John river this year, which it is supposed will bring at least $600,000.

Army & Navy.

☞ The old Hudson frigate was sold at the Navy Yard, New York, on Thursday week by auction, for $6,700 to Messrs. J. D. & A. W. Westake. It is about 14 years since she was in commission. The first time she was offered for sale, the Government bought her in for $5,000.

☞ U. S. frigate United States, Capt. Armstrong, sailed to Mazatlan, 24th February, to return to Callao, and then to return home. U. S. store ship Erie, Capt. Duke, sailed for Valparaiso, 14th March, all well, expected back every day, and then to proceed home.

☞ The U. S. flag ship Savannah was at Callao harbor on the 24th of April. The sloop of war Levant arrived on the 13th of March, and sailed on the 6th of April, on a cruise to Oahu—all well.

☞ ROBINSON & PETERSON'S MAGAZINE and PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for them should be addressed.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2375 shares Girard Bank,	10¼a11¼
765 do. Wilmington R. R.	21¼a22¼
179 do. United States Bank,	7¼a8½
100 do. Grand Gulf Bank,	10¼
50 do. Lykens Valley R. R.	12
30 do. Commercial Bank,	52¼
26 do. Delaware Insurance Co.	26¼
20 do. Commercial Bank,	52
18 do. Vicksburg Bank,	7¼
12 do. Memphis Bank, Tenn.	73¼
9 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	269¼a270
8 do. Camden & Amboy R. R	119¼
6 do. Kentucky Bank,	76
$29,000 Penna. 5's,	73¼a75¼
$5000 Tenn. 5's,	88¼
$2550 County 5s, 1860, new,	94
$1100 County 5's, 1850,	101¼
$1000 Chesapeake & Del. Canal 6's,	61¼
$7000 Reading R. R. 6's,	72
$2000 Kentucky 6's,	104¼
$1600 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1868,	84
$1000 Kentucky Bonds,	101
$3000 Reading R. R. Bonds, 5d	69¼
$1000 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855, 5d	84¼
$3000 State 5's, cash,	76¼
$510 State 6's, various lots, cash,	78
$500 Southwark 5's,	87
$10,000 Penna. 5's,	74¼
$3900 Chesapeake and Del. Canal Loan,	67¼

DIVIDENDS.

The Farmers' and Planters' Bank of Baltimore has declared a half yearly dividend of three per cent.

The Union Bank of Maryland has declared a half yearly dividend of two and a half per cent.

The Bank of the Metropolis at Washington has declared a half yearly dividend of three and a half per cent.

The Baltimore and Havre de Grace Turnpike has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months.

The Bank of Commerce has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on demand.

The Phœnix Bank a dividend of three per cent., payable on and after Monday, the 8th of July.

The Merchants' Exchange Bank a semi-annual dividend of three and one half per cent. payable on the 8th inst.

The Seventh Ward Bank has declared a dividend of two and a half per cent., payable on the 2d inst.

The New Jersey Insurance Company of this city has declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent., payable on and after the 5th inst.

The Girard Trust Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

The weather has been exceedingly warm for several days during the past week, and as a consequence business has been light. Many of our business men have already left the city to enjoy the comforts of pure air and relaxation from the cares of business.

Bark—Quercitron 1st quality No. 1 at $34 per ton. Spanish oak (in the rough) $10a12 per cord, chesnut oak $7a8,50. *Coffee*—Laguayra 7¼ cts per lb, Rio 7 cts, 100 bags St. Jago 7 cents. *Coal*—Hollidaysburg bituminous coal 16 cts per bushel by the cargo. *Candles*—New Bedford spermaceti 29a30 cts per lb, dipped, tallow, 8¼a8c, mould do. 9¼a10 cts. *Domestic Spirits*—Whiskey readily commands 21¼a22¼ cts per gallon in hhds and barrels. *Flaxseed*—Light sales of domestic at $1,50a1,52 per bush. Calcutta $1,62. *Fish*—The sales during the week have been light within the following figures, viz:—Mackerel No. 1 $10,75a11 per bbl, No. 2 $9,25a9,50, No. 3 $6,75a7, salmon $13a14, herring, dry salted, $3,75a4, do. scaled 70a75 cts per box. *Flax*—We quote domestic at 7a8 cts per lb, Russia 10a12 cents. *Flour and Grain*—The demand for export has increased. We note sales of superfine shipping brands at $4,10a4,12¼ per bbl. Rye Flour $4,87¼a5. Corn Meal $2,25a2,44 for Pa. and Brandywine. Pa. red wheat 95a97 cts per bushel afloat, rye 60 a61 cts, southern yellow corn 44a45 cts, oats 30a35 cents, Pa. and southern. *Feathers*—Further sales of western at 29a30 cts per lb. *Honey*—We notice a sale of 50 tierces Cuba at 41 cts per gallon, on time. *Hides*—We note a sale of Rio Grande hides at 12¼ cts per lb, on time. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy we quote at 85a90 cents per cwt, mixed 75a80, rye straw $4,50a5 per 100 bundles, wheat do. $4a4,50. *Molasses*—Sales 100 bbls New Orleans at 31 cts per gallon. *Naval Stores*—Further sales of tar at $1,75 per bbl, rosin, common, 60a65 cts for large barrels, 300 bbls sold at 90 cts—fine rosin in small lots at $1,50a2, pitch $1,25a1,50, varnish 25 cts per gallon. Spirits turpentine at 31a32 cts, cash and time. *Oil*—Winter sperm oil 95 cents a$1 per gallon, bleached and unbleached elephant, best quality, 70a75 cts—whale oil has advanced to 41a43 cts, do. winter 50a55, straits oil $18 per bbl of 31 gallons, bank oil $16,50, western lard oil 60a65 cents per gallon, linseed 76a77 cts. *Provisions*—We quote the following nominal rates, viz:—Mess pork $9 per bbl, prime $7, mess beef $7,25a7,50, prime hams 5¼a6 cents per lb, shoulders 3¼a4 cts, sides 4¼a5c, lard 6a6¼ cts, Herkimer county cheese 5a7 cts, as in quality. *Plaster*—Last cargo sales $2,25a2,31¼ per ton. *Rags*—Country mixed are held at $2,50a3,50 per 100 pounds. *Rice*—Light sales at $3,25a3,31¼ per 100 lbs. *Soap*—Brown and yellow at 4 a5 cts per lb, white 7a7¼, castile 10¼a11, sperm oil soap 3¼ cts. *Sugar*—The transactions during the week have been light. We note a sale of 700 boxes Havana brown sugar at 7a7¼ cts per lb, on the usual credit. *Tallow*—Domestic 6¼a7 cts per lb. *Teas*—Imperial 50 cts a$1 per lb, young hyson 25a75 cts, souchong 45a60 cts per lb, hyson 40a70 cts, with light sales. *Wool*—Manufacturers purchase sparingly at former figures. *Wood*—On the wharves fronting the city—Hickory $4,50a5 per cord, seasoned oak $4a4,50, of which there is a full supply. Winter cut oak is scarce, and in demand at $3¼ a4. Pine $3 a4. *Mariners' Wages*—with small stores—West Indies and South America $12a13, East Indies $11, coasting $13 a14, Europe $14a15.

RETAIL PRICES IN MARKET.

Apples, green, ¼ pk	8a12	Hominy, qt.	8a 9
Beef, best, per lb.	7a 9	Honey, per lb	15a20
" Middling,	3a 6	Horseradish Root,	1a 3
" Corned,	4a 7	Jowls, lb.	2a 3
" Dried,	8a10	Lamb, qr.	37a56
[illegible] bunch, new,	2a 4	Lard, Jersey,	8a10
[illegible], fresh,	14a16	" Butchers,	6a 7
[illegible], white, qt.	5a 7	Mutton, lb.	4a 6
[illegible], qr.	4a 5	Nuts—Walnuts, qt.	2a—
[illegible], pair,	35a40	" Shellbarks, qt.	4a 5
[illegible]	1a 2	Oats, bushel,	28a32
[illegible], lb.	6a 9	Onions, rope,	5a 7
[illegible]	5a 7	Pudding, liver, lb	3a 6
[illegible]	7a 8	" Blood,	7a 9
Clams,	5a 6	Pigs, whole,	50a$1
Corn, [illegible]	20a25	" Feet, set,	10a15
Corn Me[illegible]	44a48	Pork, fresh, lb.	6a 8
Carrots, [illegible]	7a 8	" Pickled,	6a 8
Chesnuts, [illegible]	2a 3	Peas, green, ¼ peck,	9a10
Cherries, dr[illegible]	2a 8	Peas, sand, qt.	6a 7
" new, lb	5a 6	Parsnips, ¼ peck,	4a 5
Eggs, dozen,	5a 6	Pickles, per 100,	25a30
Fish, Halibut, lb	6a13	Pigeons, tame, pair,	25a31
Shad, Smoked,	12¼	Pears, qr	6a 8
" Pickled,		Potatoes, sweet, lb.	2a 5
Salmon, smoked,		Potatoes, round, qr.	3a 4
" Dry,		" bushel,	40a45
" Pickled,		" new, lb.	4a 5
Cod, fresh,		Peaches, dried, qr.	20a25
" Pickled,	5a[illegible]	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Haddock,		[illegible]berries, box,	8a10
Lobsters, lb	10a12	[illegible] head,	—a 1
Mackerel, lb. salt,	5a 6	[illegible] lb.	—a 4
" Fresh,		[illegible]	10a12
Fowls, live,	38a50	[illegible] Butchers,	6a 7
Fowls, killed,	37a75	[illegible]	6a 7
Flour, wheat, ¼ cwt.	75a80	Tur[illegible] each,	31a50
Flour, Rye, ¼	50a56	Tripe [illegible]	22a25
Guinea fowls, pair,	30a40	Veal, [illegible]	50a87¼
Hams, Western, lb.	4a 8	Whortle[illegible]	3a 4
" Jersey, lb	8a10	Do.	4a 8
" Sliced,	10a13	[illegible]	4a 5
		[illegible]	10a12

Our markets are abundantly supplied [illegible] of vegetables, of an excellent quality, [illegible] rate prices. Apples and pears are in mark[illegible] nerally green for almost any purpose except [illegible] ease—they are almost too green for cooking.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—There were 960 beef cattle, [illegible] and calves, 970 sheep, and 430 swine at market. [illegible] Of the cattle 700 were from Ohio and Virginia—[illegible] sold at $4,50 to 5,50 per 100 lbs for common to fair, [illegible] $5,75a6 for good and prime quality—300 head were ta[illegible] to New York. Cows—Sales at $15 to 25 for fresh cows, springers $10 to 16, and dry cows $8a12 each. Sheep were taken at $1,50 to 4, according to quality. Lambs, $1 to 2,50. Swine were dull at $4 to 4,50 per 100 lbs, and 100 head were left unsold.

New York.—At market 1100 beef cattle, 325 from the north, 120 cows and calves, and 2500 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are much the same as last week, but very dull—we quote $5,50a6,50 for good retailing qualities, and a few extra a little higher. Unsold 250. Cows and Calves—Sales of 100 at $14a28. Sheep and Lambs—A large offering, with sales of all but 150, at $1,25a4 for sheep, and $1,25a2,75 for lambs. Hay—A large supply at 56a87¼ cts per cwt.

Brighton, near Boston, June 25.—At market 510 head of beef cattle, 1450 sheep and lambs, and 850 swine. Beef Cattle—Prices were not sustained and we reduce our quotations. We quote a few extra at $5,25—first quality $5, second quality $4,50a4,75, third quality $4a4,25. Sheep and Lambs—Sales from $1,25a2,75. Swine—sales of old hogs at retail from 5 to 6¼ cts.

Baltimore, June 28.—The offerings for the week were between 5 and 600 head, and about 300 sold at $3,75 to 5 per 100 lbs, and 150 were driven to other markets. Hogs have declined, and cannot be quoted over $4 to 4.25 per 100 lbs, and market not inactive.

Richmond, June 27.—For cattle on the hoof, gross weight, $2,25 to 2,50, net $4,50 to 5. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 7, according to quality. Lambs from $1 to 1,75.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—During the intense heat of summer, often before the process of digestion is completed, our food becomes spoiled, or putrified in the stomach; hence bad breath, sour belchings, costiveness, pain in the stomach, cholic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other dangerous complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to remove all the above complaints, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which give rise to all disorders of the bowels, and, if taken into the circulation, are the cause of every malady incident to man.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of every description of suffering; and at the same time the digestive organs will be thoroughly restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so thoroughly purified, that cholera morbus, or any other disease, will be rapidly driven from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, and sold by B. A. Fahnestock, & Co., Druggists, of Pittsburg, *are not the genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

☞ Disease is produced by some obstruction in the abdominal viscera, or an inactive state of the liver, causing deranged secretions; the blood then is rendered impure, unhealthy bile is thrown out, digestion or dyspepsia immediately follows; the whole system partakes through the medium of sympathetic action, and the patient sinks beneath his accumulating suffering. To remove these disorders, a remedy has been sought after and discovered, which has been used in thousands of cases, patronized and sanctioned by the highest medical authority. SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA will remove and effectually cure disease originating from obstructions, unhealthy action, irregular evacuations, retained perspiration, female derangements, cutaneous eruptions and various other diseases to which the human system is liable.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

ALMANAC.

July, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
6 SATURDAY,	4 38	7 22	7 11	
7 SUNDAY,	4 38	7 22	7 55	D. H. M.
8 MONDAY,	4 39	7 21	3 38	
9 TUESDAY,	4 39	7 21	9 22	
10 WEDNESDAY,	4 40	7 20	10 8	Last 7 5 43
11 THURSDAY,	4 40	7 20	10 55	New15 9 16
12 FRIDAY,	4 41	7 19	11 45	First22 4 5
13 SATURDAY,	4 41	7 19	12 38	Full 29 9 28

Married,

On the 2d inst. before Ald. Binns, JOHN L. MORRIS, to Mrs ANN KIRKHOUSE, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. LEWIS C. HARMAN, to Miss PAMELA J. daughter of W. Bennett, Esq. all of East Kensington.

On the 26th ult. in Brooklyn, by the Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Mr. RICHARD M. BATTURS, of N. Y., to Miss JULIA L. TRUMBULL, daughter of Mr. Thos. Trumbull, merchant, of the latter place.

In New York, at the Church of the Ascension, 26th ult. by the Right Rev. Benj. T. Onderdonk, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of New York, his Excellency, JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, to JULIA GARDINER, eldest daughter of the late Hon. David Gardiner.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. JOSIAH KIRK, to Miss MARTHA MCCALLISTER, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Richard Robison, JOHN J. SOLOMON, to Mrs CHARLOTTE CANNON, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. SAMUEL HUNTER, to Miss ABBY W. THATCHER, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Berg, J. M. RILEY, to Miss CHARLOTTE BOYD.

On the 27th ult. at Christ Church, by the Rev. G. E. Hare, ISAAC GOODALL, of Halifax, Eng. to SARAH JANE, eldest daughter of Wm. Baily, Esq. of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ely, Mr. W. GUINE, to Miss MARTHA STEVENSON.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, JOHN YOUNG, to ANNA DICKINSON, both of this city.

At St. John's Church, May 16th, by the Rev. William O'Hara, Mr. FRANCIS C. DOLL, to BALINDA DOYLE, daughter of Philip Colligen.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Dodge, Mr. R. A. UBIL, to J. W. J. CORLISS, both of Philadelphia.

In Salem, on the 27th ultimo, at the Friends' Meeting House, BENJAMIN E. VALENTINE, of Philada., to ELIZABETH H. POPE.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN C. DAY, of Chester county, to Miss ELIZABETH SHUSTER, of Schuylkill county.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. LEWIS YERETS, of Chester county, to Miss CAROLINE SHUSTER, of Schuylkill county.

Died,

On the 30th ultimo, of cholera infantum, WILLIAM H. youngest son of W. H. and Eliza Howell, aged 9 mos.

In Baltimore, on the 28th ult. of pulmonary disease, IRWIN W. BODDER, son of Dr. L. D. Bodder, of that city, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH O'NEILL, in the 94th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. ALFRED, infant son of William L. and Louisa Drane.

On the 30th ult. after a long and painful illness, JAMES M. WILSON, aged 35 years.

On the 30th ult. HOWARD, son of Phebe and James H. Castle, aged 5 months.

On the 29th ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Paul W. Newhall, aged 10 months and 24 days.

On the 1st inst. in the 31st year of her age, Mrs. ELIZA W. wife of Charles H. Goldsborough, Esq.

On the 27th ult. AMANDA MALVINA, only daughter of Abraham Rex, aged 5 months and 18 days.

On the 27th ult. ESTHER F. TUDOR, in the 35th year of her age.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES SCHNIDER, aged 52 years.

On the 28th ultimo, JOHN GRAHAM, son of John B. and Clarinda H. Miller, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ANN BARRY, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ult. WM. C. BETTS, aged 32 years.

On the 26th ult. Dr. JOHN C. OTTO, aged 70 years.

On the 28th ult. WM. C. ALLEN, only son of Saml. and Mary Allen, aged 7 months.

On the 28th ultimo, after a painful illness, Miss MARY HICKEY, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. ROBERT GORDON, in the 32d year of his age, son of Henry Gordon.

On the 29th ult. ANN PLEASANTS, widow of the late Charles Pleasants, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. EDWARD D. youngest son of Geo. D. and Caroline Callanan, aged 6 months.

Drowned, on the 29th ult. JOHN DRAKE, Jr., aged 18 years, son of John Drake, manufacturer.

On the 29th ult. of cholera infantum, JACOB SEBASTIAN, son of Christian D. and Charlotte Brown, aged 25 months and 10 days.

On the 27th ult. at Brooklyn, N. Y., DEBORAH, wife of Ellwood Walter.

On the 30th ult. after a painful illness, HENRY BARNES, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH CHAPMAN, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. C. T. ECKEL, aged 4 mos. and 13 days.

On the 29th ult. EMMA MERCELIA, infant daughter of Matthew T. and Caroline Miller.

On the 1st inst. HENRY CLAY, infant son of Arthur and Jane Robeson, aged 8 months and 16 days.

On the 1st inst. HENRY HOWARD, only son of John and Maria Horn, aged 16 months.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE ELIZABETH, daughter of John T. and Elizabeth C. Paul, aged 3 years and 4 months.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 26th June to the 1st July.

June 26, received from			
G. W. Gregory	$5 00	D. Griffith	2 00
J. H. Stone	4 00	F. G. Campbell	1 00
N. Perry	5 00	W. Sigourney	3 00
Mrs. A. A. Brooks	2 00	P. Pratt	2 00
J. L. Herriss	5 00	T. Elliott	1 50
R. H. Wilson	2 00	J. Sproule	1 50
A. G. Burton	2 00	G. R. Johnson	2 00
F. W. Elliston	10 00	J. Parry	3 00
G. Lowery	4 00	B. Hardinge	2 00
D. Dengler	2 00	W. Dunn	1 00
W. Pennypacker	2 00	A. N. Cassell	4 00
June 27.			
R. Damman	2 00	W. H. Hand	2 00
H. R. Wells	4 00	Miss Julia Grover	2 00
J. Dunbar	5 00	J. M. Case	2 00
C. Y. Clayton	2 00	Mrs. H. Carter	1 00
P. G. Worman	5 00	R. H. Holland	2 00
G. Lewis	3 00	J. Pugh	2 00
Col. Parrish	2 00	J. Kirkpatrick	2 00
G. Catlett	2 00	G. Bird	2 00
S. Platt	2 00	M. Peterson	4 00
J. B. Walker	5 00	A. G. Lewis	2 00
E. Kerr	1 00	R. H. Holman	10 00
L. A. Moore	2 00	J. L. Dunning	2 00
June 28.			
W. Wollerton	1 50	J. Shallcross	4 00
W. Totten	2 00	W. Worrell	2 00
J. S. Statler	2 00	H. Kreider	2 00
E. Statler	2 00	J. O'Connor	2 00
E. B. Wait	2 00	Mrs. M. S. Wetherill	4 00
G. W. Grayson	7 00	G. Colin	2 00
E. Blake	2 00	I. Tomlinson	8 00
B. Field	2 00	R. G. Baker	8 50
D. W. Forquhar	2 00	C. & W. Richards	2 00
W. Flynn	2 00	H. Barnes	2 00
[illegible]	5 00	Dr. D. Musser	2 00
June 29.			
[illegible]	5 00	A. Shumway, P.M.	20 00
Pollock	4 00	Z. Ensign	2 00
[illegible]	4 00	G. Cook, P.M.	13 25
J. [illegible]	2 00	J. Barron	2 00
Mis[illegible]	2 00	S. L. Blackly	10 00
J. G.[illegible]	75	Dr. J. Banks	2 00
S. Duv[illegible]	2 00	A. Spalding	2 00
J. McM[illegible]	2 00	J. Billmier	11 25
G. Alwell	2 00	J. Birch	10 00
J. Galaspie	2 00	O. J. Hamlin	4 00
T. Dickson	2 00	Rev. M. W. Gibson	1 00
S. Honaker	2 00	Dr. R. D. Lockridge	2 00
E. Borchard, P.[illegible]	2 00	H. Stoneleake	2 00
		J. Flower	2 00
Maj. J. Pipkin	[illegible]	A. B. Barker	1 00
R. W. Jones	[illegible]	J. Parker	2 00
A. L. Southerly	[illegible]	T. Green	2 00
M. H. Boulraugh	[illegible]	[illegible]	5 00
L. Finley, P.M.	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 00
J. T. Sandford	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 00
D. Hurst	2 00	[illegible]	2 00
H. Newberry, Jr.	4 00	[illegible]	5 00
S. Daley	5 00	D[illegible]	2 00
T. Soden	2 00	W.[illegible]	4 00
C. Allen	1 00	[illegible]	2 00

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE [illegible]

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, [illegible] ties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and [illegible] From the 22d to the 29th of June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	0	1	Brought over,		
Abortion,	1	0	Gangrene of Lungs,	0	1
Croup,	0	3	Hæmorrhage,	0	[illegible]
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	[illegible]
Cholera Infantum,	0	19	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	4
——Morbus,	2	0	——Bronchi,	1	[illegible]
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	3	——Lungs,	1	4
Convulsions,	1	8	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	4
Diarrhœa,	2	3	Inflammation of Larynx,	1	0
Dropsy, Head,	0	5	Inanition,	1	0
——Heart,	2	0	Irritation of Stomach & Bowels,	0	2
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Jaundice,	0	1
——Heart,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	7
——Bowels,	0	1	Necrosis,	1	0
——Spine,	0	1	Old Age,	4	0
——Ovaries,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Dysentery,	0	3	Still Born,	0	3
Debility,	1	1	Suicide,	0	1
Dyspnœa,	1	0	Tumors,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Tetanus,	1	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Ulcers,	0	1
Fracture,	1	0	Unknown,	4	5
Fever,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	7
——Scarlet,	0	5			
——Typhoid,	0	2			
Carried over,	25	50	Total,	149—45	104

Of the above there were 12 from the almshouse, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 23,	68	78	76
24,	71	75	[illegible]
25,	75	82	[illegible]
26,	80	86	91
27,	79	87	[illegible]
28,	82	86	[illegible]
29,	74	77	83

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, *No. 25 South Third Street.*
Philadelphia, July 5th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	25 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	¼ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	¼ dis
Lancaster bank,	¼ dis
Far. bk, Lancaster,	¼ dis
Lebanon,	¼ dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	1 dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	1¼ dis
W'r'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	¼ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2½ dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	20 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	¼ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 dis
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 dis
Com. bk, New York,	2 dis
Lafayette bank,	2 dis
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 dis
Dry Dock bank,	1 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 dis
Bank Buffalo,	— dis
Lewis Co.	1 dis
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 dis
All solvent banks,	¼a½
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Han. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	¼ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks	no sale.
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	¼ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	¼ dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	¼
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	¼
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	¼
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	¼
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	¼ dis
Fredericktown,	¼ dis
Hagerstown,	¼ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	¼ dis
Williamsport,	¼ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	¼ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	¼ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	¼ dis
Georgetown,	¼ dis
Far. and Mechanics',	¼ dis
Alexandria,	¼ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bran's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk. and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	[illegible]
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Bucker Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	12 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ¼ prem.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes	1¼a1¼ dis

HEALTH SECURED BY WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, which has obtained the approbation and recommendations of thousands.

Read the following extracts from certificates and recommendatory letters which have been voluntarily forwarded to the proprietor:

CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. Hannah Middleton, Mount Holly, N. J., writes that she was afflicted with the Inflammatory Rheumatism for nine months, and was attended by three eminent physicians, whose prescriptions failed in relieving her suffering. She was unable to walk, and lost the use of one hand. Dr. Grant, of Philadelphia, was of opinion that she would never recover the use of her hand. Mrs. M. remained in this state until she read Worsdell's Pamphlet, which induced her to try Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills. When she had used the Pills five days, the pain left her, and she gradually recovered the use of her hand. She is now perfectly restored by a persevering use of Worsdell's Pills. MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., 1st 2d Mo., 1844.

WORM CASE.

Mr. Tunis Q. Barcroft, 107 Old York Road, Philadelphia, stated that one of his neighbors procured a box of Worsdell's Pills, and administered one dose to her child, which brought away 150 worms. The child was subjected to fits, but since using the Pills, it has enjoyed sound health.

CURE OF BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Mr. Samuel Swope, merchant, Frankford, Penna., was cured in a short time of the Bowel Complaint by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF INFLUENZA.

Mr. James Rigley, 229 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, was cured of the Influenza by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.

Mrs. Henry Keck, North 7th, Reading, Pa., was afflicted with the Dyspepsia for two years, and was perfectly cured by a steady use of Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

Mr. George Sawyer, butcher, Walnut street, Harrisburg, Pa., suffered eight months with Rheumatic pains of the most agonizing description. He was cured by Worsdell's Pills when other remedies had failed.

CURE OF SICK HEADACHE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weiler, near Beachtown, Lancaster co., Pa., was cured of Sick Headache and loss of appetite. Mrs. W. states that since they commenced using Worsdell's Pills, as a family medicine, they have not required the services of a physician.

Worsdell's Pills, if taken in time, cure all diseases by Purifying the Blood.

None are genuine except the following fac similes are attached to each box:—Wm. Worsdell, Proprietor; J. Worsdell, Son; and Geo. Pearson, Manager.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a box, containing fifty Pills.

Doctor WORSDELL respectfully informs the public that he has removed his office from Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pa., to the city of Baltimore, where all letters in future must be addressed.

AGENTS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

G. B. Zieber & Co., Ledger Building, corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Street, are appointed wholesale agents, and retail by the following:

J. M. Fisher, 216 South FIFTH STREET.
T. E. Pryor, Druggist, corner of SEC and POPLAR
E. Prowattain, cor. of FOURTH and MARKET.
Richards & Osbourne, cor. 13th and MARKET.
J. W. Brown, corner of NINTH and LOCUST.
J. W. Smith, SOUTH, one door above SECOND.
T. Q. Barcroft, 107 OLD YORK ROAD.
Isaac Brooks, corner of ELEVENTH and VINE.
R. C. Harris, cor. of FOURTH and CALLOWHILL.
Walker & Wallace, corner of COATES and FRONT.
M. Woodruff, corner of RACE and FRONT.
J. Blackie, corner of QUEEN and FRONT.
Leidy & Hasberger, corner of POPLAR and FIFTH.
J. Rich, corner of PARISH and SIXTH.
G. W. Stull, POPLAR above TENTH.
W. Guyer, corner of SPRING GARDEN and RIDGE ROAD.
H. B. Pierson, 389 South SECOND.
J. Dunlop, N. W. corner of NINTH and SOUTH.
R. Lamberton, cor. of Schuylkill SEVENTH and MARKET.
T. Reily, CALLOWHILL above BROAD.

KENSINGTON.

T. Burk, corner of FRANKLIN and SECOND.
J. Urwiler, cor. of THOMPSON and FOURTH.
E. T. Tyson, cor. of 6th and GERMANTOWN ROAD.
J. Mullin, corner of MASTER and N. SECOND.
A. Moffit, BEACH STREET.
J. W. Armstrong, corner of QUEEN and WOOD.
NORRISTOWN—Moore & Longaker.
CAMDEN, N. J.—J. K. Cowperthwait.
WILMINGTON, DEL.—R. Chadwick. aug 19-eow1y

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, where all the CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be obtained. Orders addressed to ROBINSON & PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention. Their advertisement, in full, can be seen by referring to last week's Post.

IRON INTEREST.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD ASK ATtention to the discovery they have made, at their Delaware Iron Works, "of a process of making sheet [illegible] with that beautiful finish and durable gloss and lustre [illegible] has heretofore only been known in Russia, and for [illegible] they have obtained "Letters Patent" of the United [illegible] believe that the iron interest is a most important [illegible] country, and particularly for Pennsylvania, and [illegible] article will supply that great desideratum in the [illegible]facture of iron. In this view, as well as in [illegible] reduction of cost, this article is well entitled to attention. They [illegible]house, No. 3 North Fifth street, Philada., [illegible] supply on hand of this new article, "Imitation Russia Sheet Iron," a specimen of which they will be happy to show to their friends and customers, and receive orders for a supply of the same.

Best refi[illegible] manufacture and have for sale,
Do. do. [illegible] Sheet Iron.
Do. do. [illegible] Iron.
Mill, cross cut [illegible] steel.
Best steel shov[illegible] and steel.
Do. iron do. circular, and veneering saws.
Do. long handle [illegible] 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
Do. grain shovels 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
je 22-3t [illegible] and steel.

BOOTS AND SHO[illegible] & BROTHER.

CHEAP [illegible] PACKAGE.

THE SUBSCRIBER [illegible] PARED to SELL good quality BOOTS, [illegible] BROGANS of every description, as low as [illegible] bought of the manufacturers.

Purchasers are requested to [illegible] then call at No. 69 Chesnut belo[illegible] market, and [illegible] st. Philada.
jan 6-1y* TH[illegible] VANS.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, CHES[illegible]NUT Street, between SECOND and [illegible] Philadelphia. The subscriber has con[illegible] general assortment of FINISHED LE[illegible] ble for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, and a HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOO[illegible] HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LE[illegible] FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 10-1y* ANDREW S. CHA[illegible]

Sacred Poetry.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Oh when the Poet comes to die,
When Death has twined his funeral crown
And shrouded up his glorious eye,
Where will ye lay him down?
The silver cord is snapped in twain—
The golden bowl is broke again;
Shall dust return to dust again;
"Unknelled, unknown,"
With scarce a stone,
To tell the careless passer-by
That here, in fitting spot, the sons of Genius lie?

Ah! no; such cold neglect forbear;
Turn not away with heedless tread;
The Muses meet in silence there,
And weep the lonely dead.
Oh choose for them the loveliest spot,
Where blooms the bright forget-me-not,
And singing birds full oft I wot,
In choral swell.
The virtues tell,
Of him who yielded up his trust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

Where the violet stands beside the rose,
And the tall green grass in beauty grows,
And the whispering winds in sadness sigh,
There, let him lie.

Where the flow'rets smile in clustering love,
And the beautiful bowers hang thick above,
And the streams go winding sweetly by,
There, let him lie.

Where the wild bird builds its feathery nest,
And plumes the down of its gentle breast,
And watcheth and watcheth and lingereth nigh,
There, let him lie.

And if some lake, as Leman, lave
The minstrel's tomb—the poet's grave,
Whose waves like mournful music die,
There, let him lie.

Or if perchance in greenwood shade,
That fairy-spot, his dust be laid,
'Tis well: no need of tear, or sigh,
There, let him lie.

But oh! if in the stranger's land
He chance to fade—no gentle hand
Upon his brow—where Luna's eye
Beholds his lonely grave, there let the Poet lie.
Southern Literary Messenger.

Biographical.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow, we learn that he was connected, by birth, with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried: and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties, that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family, were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, "his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathized, and "pity is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel ———, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another." Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which, he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.
I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.
For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
[illegible]

[illegible]

voted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained in Bath. Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure"—as appears from the poem he addressed to her.

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of all the poet's songs. "A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, 'I'd be a butterfly.' He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again."

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity; he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success, and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal-mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—"He was a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman."

Our Scrap Book.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

BY L. E. L.

Can you forget me?—I who have so cherished
The veriest trifle that was memory's link;
The roses that you gave me, although perished,
Were precious in my sight; they made me think
You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
From the warm shelter of the garden wall;
Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me?—I am not relying
On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth,
Man's faith to woman is a trifle dying
Upon the very breath that gave it birth;
But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of sadness,
And then unconsciously grow glad again.
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me?—My whole soul was blended;
At least it sought to blend itself with thine,
My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed ended;
Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's shrine.
Can you forget me?—when the fire light burning,
Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
How would thy words, to long past moments turning,
Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy gloom?
Can you forget them?

MESMERIC EXPERIMENTS.

"Pie" says a colored man recently was brought before the Recorder, on the charge of assault and battery. He and a brother darkey drayman, it appears, had a fight on the Levee, about their respective right to the hauling of a laid. The complainant thus stated his case:

"You sees, your honor, I's the sen'r in de bis'ness, and conserquentially I tinks I's de preference by constertutional right to a 'sputed job. Wall, dis 'ere Jim, he poses dat doctrine, and ses it aint good for nuffin but white folks. When I 'tempts to put de hogshead ob sug[ar] on my dray, he squares off, and I tells [illegible] he gib me a lick dat sent me to sleep. [I] doesn't know how long I was in the me[smer]rick state, as dey calls it, but I does kn[ow] I woke up wid two ob my teet' out!"

The Recorder sent Jim to prison to [illegible] trial, remaking that he was in favor [of experi]ments in the science, when they [were ...]tal with the consent of the "subject." [His] plan advised Jim, when next he attem[pted] to operation, to stick more closel[y] [to] his followed by the regular profe[ssion] [...] time, Mesmerize his subject first, [and ...] of pro-teeth after. To do both a[t once] was, he said, an unprofes[sional pro]ceeding!

[illegible] A Serious Campaign.— [illegible]

Putting a Laughing [illegible]

[illegible]

☞ Two farmers, one from the remote parts of Georgia, were passing near the Charleston and Augusta railroad, when the locomotive engine belonging to it, came by. "What's that?" says one. "Indeed I hardly know myself," said his friend; "but I've heard that there has been a great deal said in Charleston about the tariff, and I expect that's it."

☞ "I contend that my client is entitled to an acquittal. We admit the murder of Mr. Snooks; but as there is no evidence to that effect, you cannot convict him. Besides, by the evidence, you have shown that the blow was struck by us with a shovel, when, in fact, the weapon used was a spade."

☞ A young lady, wearing a gold pencil case, suspended from a gold chain, appeared to be exceedingly vain of the ornament by frequently looking at it and handling it. A gentleman observing her, stepped up to her and inquired, "Miss B., I presume you belong to *Pencil-vane-ia?*"

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—A lady called a day or two ago upon one of her husband's creditors, to inform him that his debt would be a total loss, for which, says she, "I am extremely sorry;" "but," she naively added, "*I have christened my last boy after you.*" A literal fact.

☞ A man not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another who he liked best to hear preach. "Why," said he, "I like to hear Mr. —— best; because, I don't like any preaching, and his comes the nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

☞ A person having the misfortune to admit as a lodger into his house an individual of an improper character, named Bell, turned her out the other day, with the remark that "he would never keep a *bell* in his house that *wanted hanging*."

☞ The Widow Larkins keeps a tavern in Kentucky, and her daughters dish up fowls so handsomely that her chickens fight every day to decide which shall be spitted first!

☞ In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the *hand* of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's *foot!*

☞ To convince a man that he's wrong, the Albany Knickerbocker thinks you have only to write your objections to him on the back of a ten dollar bill.

☞ "By grasping at Time, you have reached eternity," as the judge told the man who was sentenced to be hung for stealing a clock.

☞ An Editor out West boasts that he had a talk with a woman, and got the last word.

☞ "All flesh is grass," as the horse said, when he bit a piece out of the man's arm.

☞ "This must be looked into," as the young lady said to the mirror.

Selected Poetry.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

COLUMBUS.

A Print After a Picture by Parmeggiano.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Rise, Victor, from the festive board
Flush'd with triumphal wine,
And lifting high thy beaming sword,
Fired by the flattering Harper's chord,
Who hymns thee half divine.
Vow at the glutted shrine of Fate
That dark-red brand to consecrate!
Long, dread, and doubtful was the fray
That gives the stars thy name to-day
But all is over, round thee now
Fame shouts, spoil pours, and captives bow;
No stormier joy can Earth impart,
Than thrills in lightning through thy heart.

II.

Gay Lover, with the soft guitar,
Hie to the olive woods afar,
And to thy friend, the listening brook,
Alone reveal that raptured look:
The maid so long in secret loved—
This morning saw betrothed thine,
That Sire the pledge, consenting, blest,
Life bright as motes in golden wine,
Is dancing in thy breast.

III.

Statesman astute, the final hour
Arrives of long contested Power;
Each crafty wile thine ends to aid,
Party and principle betray'd;
The subtle speech, the plan profound,
Pursued for years, success has crown'd;
To-night the vote upon whose tongue,
The nicely-poised Division hung,
Was thine—beneath that placid brow
What feelings throb exulting now!
Thy rival falls;—on grandeur's base
Go shake the nations in his place!

IV.

Fame, Love, Ambition! what are Ye,
With all your wasting passions war,
To the great Strife that, like a sea,
O'erswept His soul tumultuously,
Whose face gleams on me like a sta[r]
A star that gleams through murky cloud[s]
As here begirt by struggling crowds
A spell-bound loiterer I stand,
Before a print-shop in the Strand?
What are your eager hopes and fe[ars,]
Your schemes defeated or fulfill'd,
To the emotions dread that thrill'd
His frame on that October nigh[t,]
When, watching by the [illegible]
He saw on shore the moving [l]ight,
And felt, though darkness v[eil'd] at last[*]
The long-sought Worl[d]

V.

How Fancy's boldest gl[...] mood
Contemplating ea[...]
Of thought that to tha[t ...]ing flood
Sent up the hea[...] his eyes
Through that vast [...] skies
Watch'd till the s[...] dread,
Should kindle, a[...] read!
Of all his livelo[ng ...] doom'd
In youth, his f[...] betray'd,
Still to b[...] soon consumed
His manhoo[d ...]'d its niggard aid;
Ere P[...]'s humble bay,
That mo[rn ...] before the gale
When, [...] less World his sail,
He, full [...] was untrack'd, unknown,
Turn'[d ...] still sail'd on—sail'd on—
And [...] Ocean seem'd to be
An[...] as Eternity,
S[...] long-lov'd Star estranged,
A[...] constant Needle changed,[†]
[...] amid his murmuring crew
[...]rror into treason grew;
[...] on his tortured spirit rose,
[...] dire than portents, toils, or foes,
[A]waiting World's loud jeers and scorn
[...]'d o'er his profitless Return;
[...]—none through that dark watch may trace
The feelings wild beneath whose swell
As heaves the bark the billows' race,
His Being rose and fell!
Yet over doubt, and pride, and pain,
O'er all that flash'd through breast and brain,
As with those grand, immortal eyes
He stood—his heart on fire to know
When morning next illumed the skies,
What wonders in its light should glow—
O'er all one thought must, in that hour,
Have sway'd supreme—Power, conscious power,
The lofty sense that Truths conceived,
And born of his own starry mind,
And foster'd into might, achieved
A new Creation for Mankind!
And when from off that ocean calm
The Tropic's dusky curtain clear'd,
And those green shores and banks of balm
And rosy-tinted hills appear'd
Silent and bright as Eden, ere
Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—
Against that hour's proud tumult weigh'd,
Love, Fame, Ambition, how ye fade!

VI.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE SUMMONS.

A Passage From English History.

George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married, early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zelle, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honorable family, who was high in favor at the Court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess, (whose husband was absent with his father's army,) paid her the most flattering attentions, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently, admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighborhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed, without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the Castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time became King of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, "If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer." Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his in[justice], and a citation to appear, within a ye[ar] and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgm[ent]. This letter she confided to an intimate fr[iend], with a solemn charge to see it delivered [into the] king's own hand; but as this was an [illegible] taking of a delicate, if not a dangerous [illegible] some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit t[o his elec]toral dominions seemed to present [a] way to opportunity, and when he was [in] Hanover a messenger met him [and] delivered the packet to him in his co[ach]. Supposing that it came from Hanover, [the] fatal citation [illegible] rectly; but its contents, and [illegible] an effect on with which it ended, had [illegible] which brought him, that he fell into convu[lsions and] expired at the [illegible] on apoplexy and death [illegible] of Osnaburgh, palace of his brother, the unfortunate wife. just seven months aft[er ...] was believed in his George II., their son, had he survived his mother's innocence, restored her to her rank father, he would have [illegible] after his accession, as Queen Dowager [illegible] dominions, and caused he visited his el[ectoral] made in the palace. On some alterations [illegible] his mother's dressing-taking up the [illegible] of Count Koningsmark were room, the re[mains ...] probable that the unfortunate discovered, and strangled at the moment man was [illegible], and that his body was placed of his [illegible] to prevent discovery. The under [illegible] hushed up, for George was careful affair [illegible]'s character; besides which, pru- of his [illegible] would lead him to desire strict den[ial ...] this subject. His frequent altercations [with] his father, in conjunction with the [illegible] thrown upon his mother, had already [given] occasion to severe sarcasm and some [illegible] on the part of the Jacobites, and this [discov]ery was not calculated to silence unwel[come] insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's [sto]ry remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encourgaging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to abler hands.

THE HONEST BOY.

A gentleman from the country, placed his son with a dry goods merchant in ——— st. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited on her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceed to fold the goods. He discoverd, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "*he will never make a merchant.*"

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, *voluntarily*, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter! I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

We make no comments on the above [illegible]

A PLEA IN ABATEMENT.

[illegible]

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to thee
Our songs shall rise—whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand our autumn stores!
No firstlings of our flocks we slay—
No soaring clouds of incense rise—
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Born of thy breath, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling Summer joyed to bring,
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And Autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed—the bursting shell,
And golden sheaf, and laden bough,
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves of palm our fields adorn—
No myrtle shades or orange bowers—
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care the landscape o'er
Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store—
No ruthless robber rends away—
No fierce volcano's withering shower—
No fell simoon with poisonous breath—
Nor burning suns, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our songs to thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky;
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressor never trod,
Here—at the throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man, in reverence, bow to God.

Choice Selections.

AN ODD REMEDY.

The following is from the Ne[w] York Organ. It illustrates the terrible power [of] appetite, and the salutary influence of fear. [It] may serve as an additional warning to him [wh]o is in danger from the intoxicating cu[p, an]d lead him to adopt that safe rule, Touc[h not], taste not, handle not:

We remember an in[divid]ual that resided in this city not many [years] ago, who owned a considerable amo[unt of] property, but who was so much addi[cted] to the use of strong drink, that his frie[nds] arranged matters in such a way as to prev[ent] its being squandered, by removing it fro[m his] reach, and after taking care that he w[as we]ll provided with the necessaries of life, [allowe]d him a certain sum each day for spen[ding] money. As he grew older his appetite gr[ew str]onger, and his daily allowance was not [suffici]ent to gratify his increasing thirst. [He wo]uld go to his friends and plead for an [advance] at a time for a little more of the ready, [but] they were inexorable. At length they [advised] him to go for a certain physician, (wh[o was] intimately acquainted with the fa[mily,] and probably he would loan him what h[e so] much desired. The poor fellow went to [the] doctor and asked him for the favor.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said the medi[cal] man, "I will buy your carcase at a fair [pri]ce—come, what will you take for it?"

"Five dollars."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the physician, grasping the poor fellow by the wrist and looking him steadfastly in the eyes. "Ah! that will do—here's the money," continued he, handing the sot a five dollar bank note. "And now, go to the rum-shop immediately—drink as much as you want, and at the expiration of a week your body will be at my disposal."

"You don't mean to say that I am going to die so soon?" exclaimed the frightened victim of alcohol.

"I *do* mean to say, that if you continue to drink as you have for the last six months, in one week you will be a dead man, and of course as I have purchased your body in a fair business-like way, I shall be at liberty to operate upon it."

The cool, serious manner of the doctor puzzled our hero, and he already began to feel the death-rattles in his throat!

"Here!" roared he, "take back your money—I have no notion of being made mince-meat of in so short a time!"

"But," said the knight of the lancet, "it is a regular business transaction."

"I don't care, here's your money!"—and away he dashed out of the office, to the no little amusement of his tormentor, who stood for several minutes convulsed with laughter.

The toper that was, never drank liquor from that day, and in a very little while became a sober, upright citizen.

THE SLEEPING BAPTIZED.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Among a number of little children who were brought or led to the altar for baptism, I saw one in its mother's arms that had fallen asleep during the prayer; and it did not wake when sprinkled, but was carried away sleeping.

Babe with the sleeping brow and eye serene,
Borne to the altar for the holy rite,
What knowest thou of all this solemn scene?
And where has thy young spirit winged its flight?

Has it not sought the Being whence it came,
Revealed invision 'mid his shining host,
While thus on earth baptized into his name
Triune, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?

There, with thine angel to behold his face,
Dost thou not find him ratify and seal
Our consecration in this sacred place,
While these cold drops thy forehead may not feel?

Does not the dear Redeemer now enrol
Thy name within his book of life, and write
Thy final portion as a ransomed soul,
Eternal glory in the world of light?

What heavenly calm pervades thy tender breast,
And lovely features, cherub-like that seem!
No sob, nor fluttering pulse, betrays unrest,
From pain, late sorrow, or affrighting dream.

So once, all beautiful, clothed in infant charms,
Thy Saviour slept, the babe of Bethlehem.
And Jesus, teaching, folded in his arms
Such little ones as thou, and blessed them.

To him in thy pure bud of being given,
In faith and hope, with sacrament and prayer,
Live, and walk through this world a child of heaven,
By grace and beauty leading many there!

Then shalt thou lift thy voice and sweep the strings
Of golden harp, attuned in sweet accord,
Where angels veil their faces with their wings,
While crying "Holy, holy is the Lord!"

ADVICE TO MAIDENS.

That classical song which commences with "Oh take your time Miss Lucy," has proved very disastrous to young ladies who have been controlled by it. Everything is done in a hurry in this world, therefore get married as quickly as possible. Husbands are like birds, if you don't *bring them down* at once, they are gone.

Love is an idea: beef is a reality. The idea you can get along without; the beef you must have. Do not then allow any refined sentimentalism to interfere with what judicious and calculating parents call an advantageous settlement.

Young girls will have twinges of the heart strings we know, but these are like other complaints, incidental to youth, they go away suddenly without any bad effects. Dyspepsia often produces melancholy, which is attributed to disappointed affection, but bran bread and apple sauce will readily remove this complaint.

Some girls have imaginations so tender, that they believe themselves in love with every man who says a civil thing to them. These unfortunate creatures should use the shower bath [illegible]

Dueling.—An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed, that not having been accustomed to fire, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms; here are, therefore, two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless—we are therefore on equal terms, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add, that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

The Olio.

The Latest Bonnet.—"I observe," writes Willis, "a new fashion of cap, which gives the ladies an air

'As pert as bird, as straight as bolt,
As fresh as flowers in May—'

a cap that would fit a child's double fist, worn arched upon the summit of the organ of self-esteem, looking like an apple-blossom on the top-knot of a French chicken. It is one of those fashions whose worth depends upon the wearer—very *telling* upon a pretty coquette, and very ludicrous topping dignity or sentiment."

Preaching.—I love a serious preacher who speaks for my sake, and not for his own; who seeks my salvation, and not his own vain-glory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more despicable than a professed declaimer, who retails discourses as a quack does his medicine.—*Massillon.*

Boiled Flour for the Sick.—Take half a pound of fine flour, tie it up as tight as possible in a linen cloth, dip it frequently into cold water, dredging the outside with flour until a crust is formed upon it; then boil it in a pot of water until it becomes a hard mass. This may be grated and prepared in the same manner as arrow-root, for which it is an excellent substitute.

A Letter of Recommendation.—A lady in the North of England, on dispensing with the services of a faithful servant girl, gave her the following recommendation:—"Madam, Sukey Day lived with me won year and leven months, cookin bakin and a werry huceful kind of a body she is werry honest and I never now her to be in licker and she has no sweet arts."

Bear's Grease.—All the brown, black, and white bears in the world, would scarcely yield a month's supply of genuine grease for the *polar* consumption of Great Britain. "To slaughter a bear" is a by-word among barbers for *opening a bladder of lard!—Mysteries of London.*

He that never changed any of his opinion, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

It is calculated that the swallow frequently skims through the air at the rate of a mile in a minute, and that, in the course of a year, it flies eight times the circumference of the globe, or about 200,000 miles!

To weep for fear is childish; to weep for anger is womanish; to weep for grief is human; to weep for compassion is divine, but to weep for sin is christian.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *intention*, to claim more than the merit of the *previous performer*.

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and as enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *noted places* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. Croome and others are engaged to supply us with a *series* of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of James Herring, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by Chapman and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. Richards, two noble hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. These views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union*. One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years ago*, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for these sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have now *four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number*. We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. *We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.**

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though [illegible]

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

[illegible]

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

[illegible]

TERMS

[illegible]

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

[illegible]

TO PARENTS AND OTHERS.

[illegible]

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

[illegible]

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

[illegible]

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

[illegible]

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!

[illegible]

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY

[illegible]